ADAPTATIONS 1

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Lewis Carroll's

Alice in Wonderland

A Musical Version by

Dorothy Robbie and Desmond Hand

PROSCENIUM PRESS

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ADAPTATIONS I

General Editor -- Robert Hogan

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A Musical Version

BOOK AND LYRICS BY DOROTHY ROBBIE

MUSIC BY DESMOND HAND

EDITED BY ARTHUR E. McGUINNESS

PROSCENIUM PRESS
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CHARACTERS

PROFESSOR DODGSON
ALICE
HER NURSE
THE WHITE RABBIT
THE CATERPILLAR
BILL, THE LIZARD
THE FROG FOOTMAN
THE DUCHESS
THE COOK
THE CHESHIRE CAT
THE MAD HATTER
THE MARCH HARE
THE DORMOUSE
THE FIVE OF CLUBS
THE TWO OF CLUBS
THE SEVEN OF CLUBS
THE KING OF HEARTS
THE QUEEN OF HEARTS
THE MOCK TURTLE
THE USHER
THE KNAVE OF HEARTS

A CHORUS OF VICTORIAN LADIES, GENTLEMEN, AND CHILDREN; A CHORUS OF NURSEMAIDS; NURSERY CHARACTERS, INCLUDING MOTHER GOOSE, JENNY WREN, COCK ROBIN, HUMPTY DUMPTY, ETC.; MICE, THE ROYAL BODYGUARD, JURORS, ETC.

ACT ONE — SCENE ONE

The curtain rises and we find ourselves watching a crowded Victorian street scene. Primly and sedately, families stroll past, the frock-coated, bearded gentlemen bowing gravely as they remove their top hats, and the children, they are miniatures of their elders and betters, (with the exception of two fierce young gentlemen who make it quite clear that they loathe each other — their grimaces are hideously ferocious but carefully hidden from everyone else). There are some few members of the servant class to be seen and they too behave in a manner befitting the Age, although we may suspect that one pretty, pert young parlourmaid and a certain tall young footman are not quite as unaware of each other as they should be. The Victorians arrange themselves in their proper positions and prepare to sing.

SONG:

You may wonder why our heads are high,
Our backs are held so straight,
But you'll find there is a reason why
Our confidence is great.
We're the middle class of England
With Victoria our Queen,
And we know exactly where we stand
With position clearly seen.
[CHORUS] Our Empire still is far flung out,
Our Navy rules the sea,
And men are strong and masterful
As men should ever be.
And womenfolk are virtuous
Though rarely are they chic.
Oh! the middle class of England
Is remarkably unique!

You may wonder who these persons are
Who walk behind us small.
They are rarely, rarely visible
And never heard at all;
For the middle class of England
In its finest day of grace
Keeps the lower class and children
Very firmly in their place.
[CHORUS]

[*After their song, the Victorians continue on their correct and unemotional way. From the left of the stage there enters the tall, thin, slightly stooping figure of Professor Dodgson. He is completely engrossed in his book and, alas, does not notice a determined lady of uncertain years and commanding presence bearing down upon him. Her manner, when she does address him, is surprisingly arch.*]

VICTORIAN LADY: Ah! Good morning, dear Professor Dodgson. Remarkably clement weather for the time of year, is it not?

PROFESSOR [*Looking up from his large book absent-mindedly*]: Ah! good — er — um evening, ma'am. It is, isn't it? Evening, I mean — or is it? [*Takes out a large snuff box.*] Dear me, where can my watch be? I distinctly remember — or do I? Now what were we discussing? Or were we?

VICTORIAN LADY: Ah! Quite lost in your own world of higher mathematics I see, my dear man.

PROFESSOR: Mathematics? Oh dear me no, Mrs. — er — um. I'm almost certain I was thinking about a white rabbit — and a dear little girl.

VICTORIAN LADY: A white rabbit, Professor Dodgson?

PROFESSOR: A white rabbit, dear lady, with a waistcoat.

[*Sings*]

It's a well-known fact, as you'll agree
That sums should make one sad,
But I teach sums in a varsity
And am most singularly glad
'Cos those there sums I teach all day
From morn to set of sun
In the evening I find time to dream
And get a lot of fun.

[CHORUS] My mind roams free, I dream my dreams,

I make up tales galore
And tell them all to boys and girls
Who keep on wanting more —
Of ships and sails and sealing wax,
Of cabbages and kings.
I've a wonder store of stories — full
Of magimatic things.

[*As the Professor sings, the children creep closer and closer to listen. After he has finished, he leads them in joyous and charming little dance, but all too soon they are called back sternly to rejoin their disapproving parents.*]

VICTORIAN LADY: Good-day, Professor. No more day dreaming.

PROFESSOR: Er — um — oh quite. [*Lady exits.*] What could she have meant? [*To passer-by.*] Excuse me, sir — I wonder would you have the time?

GENTLEMAN: About half three, I think, sir. [*Takes out watch.*] Yes, half three exactly.

PROFESSOR: And the day of the week, sir?

GENTLEMAN: Why Tuesday, sir, of course.

PROFESSOR: Tuesday. Now where did I put that memorandum? [*To gentleman.*] To remind me what it is I have to do on Tuesday, you understand. On my cuffs? No. In my pocket? My handkerchief — ah yes! Here it is — visit little Alice. Dear me, how very forgetful I'm getting. [*Exits.*] Er good morning! [*Exits again.*]

SCENE TWO

This time the scene is the bedroom of a rather sad, rather petulant little lady named Alice. She has been ill and now she is recovering, is feeling bored and cross with everyone. When we see her, she is lying back upon her pillows, idly fingering a pack of playing cards. Her nurse enters, a fat motherly creature with just the slightest hint of bossiness in her voice, and behind her, diffident and shy, comes the professor.

NURSE: Now, Miss Alice, it's time for your medicine. Here is a gentleman friend of your Papa's to visit you. Isn't he a kind gentleman? Now come along, Alice, sit up, there's a good girl.

ALICE: I don't want to sit up. I don't want to take my medicine. I don't want to see anybody.

NURSE: Tut! Tut! Miss Alice. You're a big girl now, nearly a young lady, and you must not say things like that. Whatever will the gentleman think?

PROFESSOR: This gentleman heartily endorses the nearly-a-young lady's sentiments. I don't think he would want to take the medicine either, unless of course —

ALICE: Unless what?

PROFESSOR: Unless it were magic medicine such as the other Alice drank.

ALICE: What other Alice? And there's no such thing as magic medicine. All medicine is nasty and horrid, and I shan't drink any more. I won't, I won't! And you can't make me! [*She burrows under the blanket.*]

NURSE: Oh dear! I shall have to fetch your Mama, Miss Alice.

PROFESSOR: Oh, but there *is* another Alice and she did drink magic medicine! It's really a remarkable coincidence, your name being Alice, too. The other Alice drank some magic medicine and the most amazing things happened to her as a result of it. I remember quite well her meeting with the old caterpillar — he was smoking his pipe and sitting on a mushroom at the time — oh dear me no! I'm quite wrong! She ate something that time. It's the bottle marked "DRINK ME" — that's what I'm thinking of — quite a different occasion altogether. Good gracious, how forgetful I'm getting.

ALICE [*Peeping out.*]: You're making all this up, aren't you? You don't know another Alice, and caterpillars don't smoke pipes.

PROFESSOR: Oh but I do, although, of course, it was the white rabbit who began it all. I don't suppose Alice would have even noticed him except for his waistcoat and his watch. Poor fellow, he was so afraid of being late.

ALICE: Being late for what? Oh please, *do* tell me?

PROFESSOR [*Pulling snuff box out of pocket*]: Well let me see. Yes! I have just the exact amount of time, one and a half ounces to be precise. If you will allow Nurse to prop you up against your pillows so that you are comfortable, I will begin in exactly three-quarters of a second.

ALICE: It's a story, isn't it?

PROFESSOR: Of course it is, my dear. I shall call it "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland".

ALICE: All my books have two names. Has your story got another name?
PROFESSOR: Of course it has. It's called "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" or "Down the Rabbit Hole".
NURSE: There now, Miss Alice, that's nice and comfortable. Open your mouth now like a good girl. I'll come back in a little while.
PROFESSOR: So your name is Alice. Yes. I like that name — it's a singable name.
ALICE: Singable?

SONG: [*Professor with nursemaids*]

So your name is Alice.
Yes, I think I like that name.
There's a swing about Alice,
There's a ring about Alice,
I could sing about Alice — it's such a singable name.
Jane is quite neat,
Ann is so sweet,
Maria very pretty ,
Ariadne — well, witty,
As for Sarah and Molly and Kate,
They are names that I simply hate.
So your name is Alice,
Yes, I know I like that name.
There's a swirl about Alice,
There's a twirl about Alice,
And I know that Alice,
Is your name.

[*During the professor's song, four little nursemaids come in to listen to him. They are, as were the children before them, entranced, and indeed they join him in a repeat of his little song. The professor, we feel, is that kind of man, and children, servants and little stray dogs will always love him on sight.*]

NURSE [*At bed chair*]: I'll just put the playing cards on the table, Miss Alice.
ALICE: Bother the silly old cards. I want to hear the story. Begin right at the beginning and don't leave anything out.
PROFESSOR [*Bowing*]: I am your humble servant, ma'am, and the one and a half ounces begin now. But be careful. I should apologize to the cards my dear. They can get very cross as you shall see — especially the Queen of Hearts. She's a tartar.
ALICE: Now you're teasing. But I'll apologize to them. Dear cards, I am very sorry I called you silly.
PROFESSOR: Good, Now let me see — begin right at the beginning you said. Um — it really all began when Alice, the other Alice — she was just your age, you know — was sitting on the bank of the river and feeling bored. There was nothing to do, her sister was reading a very uninteresting book with no pictures or conversation —
ALICE: I hate that kind of book, too.
PROFESSOR: So do I, my dear. Alice was hot in the sun and rather sleepy

and stupid. Suddenly a dear old white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her and to her amazement took out a large silver watch from his waistcoat pocket, looked at it, said "Oh dear! I shall be late" and disappeared down a large rabbit hole near by.

[*As the Professor tells the story, the light begins slowly to fade and he and the little Alice seem gradually to melt into darkness. We are however almost certain that as he mentions the White Rabbit and the other Alice we can see them — rather as we do figures in our dreams but we cannot be quite sure as now the stage is in complete darkness and the Professor's voice seems to be coming from a long way away as the curtain falls.*]

PROFESSOR: Alice was up like a flash, her tiredness forgotten and, without stopping to think at all, popped down the rabbit hole after him. She fell and fell but at last landed quite softly on a pile of conveniently placed leaves. She picked herself up and looked around. She was in a large hall with an open door before her, leading to a beautiful garden, and of course, Alice was curious and walked through . . . .

SCENE THREE

This time the curtain rises slowly, and we hear a warm, lovely voice singing of the dream in the heart of every child, and we find ourselves in Wonderland itself. It is a beautiful place with tall, leafy trees outlined against an azure sky. The sun is shining and in the distance are soft purple hills, fold after fold of them. The happy little characters who patter busily across the stage are strangely reminiscent of those we have all met with in our nursery rhymes. Tiny mice in bright gingham dresses chatter happily as they scamper by, a dignified and portly toad exchanges greetings with a plump and smiling Mother Goose, Jenny Wren and Cock Robin saunter by hand in hand and Humpty Dumpty waddles importantly along. At the back of the stage there stands a large mushroom on which is an elderly green caterpillar. He wears a Turkish fez, and is smoking a long pipe with lazy enjoyment while he contemplates the passing scene. The song by the unseen singer dies away as the little creatures leave the stage. Only the lazy caterpillar and Bill the lizard are left. Bill is the White Rabbit's gardener, and general factotum. He looks slow and rather leisurely as he spits contemplatively on his hands and prepares to dig. Suddenly the sound of pattering feet is heard, and a very flustered White Rabbit scurries in. He is pompous, over-weight and at the moment very, very cross.

WHITE RABBIT [*Very distressed*]: Bill, Bill, will you put down that spade while I'm talking. You'll make me even more nervous.

BILL [*Unperturbed*]: Sure now and it's more usual for you to be telling me to pick it up.

WHITE RABBIT: What are you digging for anyway?

BILL: Sure and I'm after digging for apples, yer Honour.

WHITE RABBIT: Digging for apples indeed! Sometimes I wonder why I hired you. I've just had a tremendous shock, my whiskers are still quivering from it, and all you can do is stand there and dig for apples.

BILL: Sure now and I could hardly sit down and dig for them, now could I?

WHITE RABBIT: At the moment all I want you to do is stand still and listen. I ventured out for one brief moment into the land of humans — one brief moment, mark you — all I did was take one wrong turning — I retraced my steps immediately, of course, but too late. She was after me in a flash.

BILL: And who could that be, Sir?

WHITE RABBIT: A meddlesome human child — that's who — and for all I know she'd right behind now at this very moment. She followed me, I know she did.

BILL: Why, yer Honour, I declare I've never seen you so flustered. Why don't you sit down awhile, sir? What would a human child be doing down here, at all?

WHITE RABBIT: What indeed? The very idea makes my blood curdle.

BILL: Will I bring yer Honour a drop of brandy to help you get over the shock?

WHITE RABBIT: You will not. The next thing you'll be wanting one yourself!

BILL [*Innocently*]: Sure now, sir, and not a drop of the craithur has touched my lips.

[*Alice enters carrying "DRINK ME" bottle.*]

ALICE: Ah, there you are, White Rabbit. I thought I'd never catch up with you.

WHITE RABBIT: What did I tell you, Bill! Go away, little girl, go away.

ALICE: Why, I do believe you are frightened of me. I'm not going to hurt you, I wouldn't dream of it. Anyway [*She looks down at herself*] you're bigger than I am. How very strange.

BILL: Sure and it's the bottle, ma'am, the one in your hand.

ALICE: You mean this? Oh dear, I picked it up as I was falling down the rabbit hole. It said "Drink me", so I did. So it's really made me smaller, how very strange.

WHITE RABBIT: It's not strange at all.

ALICE [*Moving towards Rabbit*]: Actually, I wanted to know why you wear a watch, and why you said you were afraid of being late.

WHITE RABBIT: Bless my fur and whiskers, you'd be afraid of keeping the Duchess waiting, wouldn't you? She's so unpredictable and has such a temper — oh that reminds me — where are my gloves? Bill, have you seen them? Oh good gracious, child, I really shall be late, she'll be furious. Oh bless my fur and whiskers. [*Exits in a hurry.*]

ALICE: Oh please — don't go. Oh dear! That was all my own fault for reminding him.

BILL [*Leisurely picking up spade*]: Sure now, don't you be fretting yourself, missie. He'll never hear the end of it from that one if he doesn't deliver her invitation on time. [*Exits.*]

ALICES Oh no — oh dear, now he's gone too!

[*Behind Alice, the caterpillar slowly climbs down off the mushroom and comes towards her. He is rather pompous, inclined to be short-sighted and has a deep, slow voice.*]

CATERPILLAR: Who are you?

ALICE [*Turning*]: Oh! Oh — good day, sir. I'm Alice — I — least I was — I'm a little confused.

CATERPILLAR: Explain yourself.

SONG: [*Alice and Caterpillar*]

ALICE: My name is Alice.
Yes, I think that is my name.

CATERPILLAR: Is it species, this Alice?
Or a genus, this Alice?

ALICE: I have never considered;
It's just my name.

CATERPILLAR: Singular names are very well,
But they are inconclusive.
I should add another one
To make you exclusive,
For insects before they can speak
Get two names in Latin and Greek.

ALICE: But my name is Alice,
And I think I like my name,
For it's cosy — is Alice,
CATERPILLAR: It's so prosy — is Alice,
BOTH: But it's her) my) name.

[*At the end of their song, Alice and the Caterpillar solemnly and gracefully dance to a repeat of the music of their song.*]

CATERPILLAR: You still have not explained yourself.

ALICES I'm afraid I can't — not really that is. I was — at least I think I was sitting by a river — then I fell down a rabbit hole — I think. And well — I'm here. And I seem to be different.

CATERPILLAR: Of course you're different. You're you and I'm me — we are different.

ALICE: I didn't mean that exactly. I mean I seem to be different size from what I was. It's very confusing.

CATERPILLAR: It is not. I'm a different size all the time — most exhilerating. One moment I'm short and fat, and the next I'm long and thin. Excellent.

ALICE: But I'm not used to it. It's very confusing to me.

CATERPILLAR: You! Who are you!

ALICE: But that' what you asked me at first. This is ridiculous.

CATERPILLAR: Is it?

ALICE: Yes it is. [*Stamps her foot and prepares to leave.*]

CATERPILLAR: Wait! [*Alice pauses.*] I have something to tell you.

ALICE: Yes?

CATERPILLAR [*Smokes pipe and then slowly says*]: Keep your temper.

ALICE: Is that all? [*Turns.*]

CATERPILLAR: No. I intend to sing. Kindly sit and do not interrupt.

[*Alice sits.*]

SONG: [*Caterpillar*]

Humans are born the way they are,
And that is the way they'll always be.
They may get fatter,
It doesn't matter.
They may get taller,
But that's all the
Change there's going to be.
[CHORUS So — stay to consider, O human child

How luckier insects are.
It is much more interesting being — a
Lepidopterous caterpillar.
I eats all day,
And I grows quite fat.
I splits my skin,
Then I moults,
And when I am bored
I becomes a cocoon.

I changes completely in that,
And when I emerge the world says,
"Oh my!"
And gazes at me in awe,
For the plain and dowdy larva
Is now a Butterfly.

Humans are born the way they are.
They are very ordinary clay.
They all are ringless,
They all are stingless,
And worse they're wingless,
And then there's nothing more to say.
[CHORUS]

ALICE: Thank you. I enjoyed your song immensely.

CATERPILLAR: I should hope so. I composed it myself. Good gracious, I feel another moult coming on and I must get to the trial first. Goodbye. [*Exits*]

ALICE: But please, where do I go from here?

CATERPILLAR [*Re-entering slowly*]: Follow the signpost. Over there. It's as plain as the nose on your face. [*Exits.*]

ALICE: But please, I'm much too small.

CATERPILLAR [*Once again he enters*]: One side will make you grow taller. The other side shorter. [*Exits.*]

ALICE [*Looking round*]: One side of what?

CATERPILLAR [*In*]: The mushroom, of course? [*Exits.*]

ALICE: Oh! I had better try it. [*Nibbles.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE FOUR

We are now looking at the rather imposing facade of the Duchess' house. Standing outside the closed front door, staring into space fixedly with bulbous eyes seeming to pop out of his head is the Frog Footman. The White Rabbit enters with extraordinary dignity bearing a large white envelope in his white-gloved hands. He knocks at the door and waits. Nothing happens, the footman ignores him completely, and the White Rabbit allows a look of displeasure to cross his face. He knocks again but again there is no response. His dignity completely affronted, he turns angrily to the footman.

WHITE RABBIT: Isn't there anyone inside to open the door?

FROG FOOTMAN: I could 'ave told you you was wasting your time. There's no use in knocking on that 'ere knocker — for two reasons. Firstly, and I think you'll agree that it's the most important reason, I'm on the same side of the door as you are, and it's my job to open it — and secondly, a minor reason, Her 'ighness is asinging to that child and can't hear you anyway. So I wouldn't bother to knock again.

WHITE RABBIT: Ridiculous nonsense — what are you doing outside anyway if it's your job to open the door?

FROG FOOTMAN: 'Cos I couldn't hear if I was inside — that's why! It's like bedlam inside that door, matey.

WHITE RABBIT: I am not your matey, my good man. I am an emissary from Her Majesty, and the message I am delivering to her Gracious Highness, the Duchess, is most important.

FROG FOOTMAN: Oh pardon me, I'm sure. You'd better deliver it then, hadn't you — we'd better not keep Her Nibs waiting. It's her invitation to the trial, I suppose — she's been waiting for it all day — in a filthy temper, too.

WHITE RABBIT: Oh my fur and whiskers — in a filthy temper, did you say? In that case I won't wait. [*Becomes pompous and formal.*] To the Duchess. An invitation from the Queen to attend the trial of the notorious Knave of Hearts.

FROG FOOTMAN [*Also pompously*]: From the Queen. An invitation to the Duchess to attend the trial of the notorious Knave of Hearts.

[*They bow and bang heads.*]

WHITE RABBIT: Oh bother! [*Exits.*]

[*Frog Footman remains staring at sky, invitation in hand. He slowly bangs on knocker and the Duchess comes out.*]

FROG FOOTMAN: From the Queen. An invitation for the Duchess to attend the trial of the notorious Knave of Hearts. [*Bows and gives note.*]

DUCHESS [*Dismissing him imperiously*]: Ah good — I'm delighted the silly woman has recognised my position. After all, her family is merely trumped up — mine has been king high for generations.

SONG: [*Duchess*]

Oh I'm so aristocratic,
Used to be so autocratic,
But that day, alas, is done.
For it's no use being classé,
Why it really is quite passé,
And it isn't any fun.
For my days of grace are numbered,
As the duke left me encumbered
With some duties large to pay.
I have sold the sunken garden
To a tradesman who said "Pardon,"
Such a non-U thing to say.

[CHORUS] So shed some tears for we wretched peers,

For our days of glory past,
For although we've lost our pile
Yet we're going down in gallant style.

Oh the stables are a mews now,
For I have to pay my dues now,
And the staff have long since fled.
There is now no droit de seigneur,
I have had to sell the Renoir,
Hang a postcard there instead.
My anaemia is so chronic
I am quite beyond a tonic,
And it really is quite true
That my blood has got so thin,
When I bleed it looks like gin,
And it isn't even blue.

[CHORUS] So shed some tears for we wretched peers,

For our days of glory past,
For although we've lost our pile
Yet we're going down in gallant style,
As befits our class.

[REPEAT 2ND VERSE]

[*After singing her song, which she has done in the grandest and most aristocratic manner imaginable, the Duchess raps at the door. It is opened from within by the footman and she sweeps regally inside. The door is then closed firmly by the footman who is left standing outside, once more staring fixedly into space.*]

SCENE FIVE

Up goes the curtain upon a scene of almost indescribable noise, hustle and steam. It is the Duchess' kitchen and the steam is issuing from a large pot of stew, boiling and bubbling upon a gleaming monster of a stove on the right of the stage. Standing grimly near this is the cook, pepper pot in one hand and ladle in the other. She is a large evil-tempered, red-faced lady, and patently the chain of timid little maids carrying the vegetables for the stew are fearful of her wrath. They add the vegetables, and she alternately peppers and stirs after each addition. Everyone is sneezing including the Duchess who sits, straight-backed and fierce, rocking her baby centre stage, and humming loudly a most unmelodious lullaby to the unfortunate infant who cries incessantly. On the left of the stage is curled a broad faced cat wearing a grin of enormous proportions.

ALICE [*Shyly*]: Good-day. [*There is no response.*] Good-day, ma'am. [*She curtseys to the Duchess and looks around. She sneezes and then sees the cat. More loudly — to the Duchess.*] Good-day, ma'am. Please — would you tell me why your cat is grinning?

DUCHESS [*Grimly*]: Because it's a Cheshire Cat, that's why!

ALICE [*Interestedly*]: Oh, I didn't know Cheshire Cats grinned.

DUCHESS: They don't — only some of them.

ALICE: Oh! [*The cook peppers soup again and everyone sneezes.*] There's surely far too much pepper in that soup.

DUCHESS: If everyone minded their own business, the world would go round a good deal faster than it does.

ALICE: Which would not be an advantage, surely? The world takes twenty-four hours to turn round on its axis.

DUCHESS [*Angrily*]: Please don't mention axes to me!

ALICE [*Musing*]: At least, I think it's twenty-four hours. Or is it twelve?

COOK [*Peppering violently*]: Don't bother *me* with figures, I never could abide 'em. Pepper is good enough for me.

DUCHESS: Be quiet. I intend to sing to this child.

[*The Duchess flings the baby off-handedly to Alice who catches it with difficulty and much trepidation. Then the Duchess, Cook and Cat move to the front of the stage, and the timid little kitchen maids fall in behind them. The music starts, and they are away in a most uncharacteristically hearty and rousing chorus.*]

SONG: [*Duchess and Cook with Cat and Kitchen Maids joining in chorus*]

DUCHESS: Speak roughly to your little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes.
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases.
[CHORUS] Wow! Wow! Wow!

DUCHESS: I speak severely to my boy,
I beat him when he sneezes,
For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases.
[CHORUS] Wow! Wow! Wow!

COOK: I think she's right to take a stand
And beat him when he sneezes,
For highly peppered soup is grand
For everybody's wheezes.

[CHORUS] Wow! Wow! Wow!

[*When they reach the "Wow! Wow! Wow!" part of the song, they prance to the front and then back keeping strictly in time and in line as they sing. After the very last "Wow! Wow! Wow!" the Duchess throws all dignity completely to the wind and leads them all in a mad caper round the stage and in and out. This finishes as abruptly as it began with the scene exactly as it was as the curtain went up. The Cook is back at the stove, the maids carry vegetables, the Cat grins and the Duchess who has grabbed the baby from Alice, sits and rocks. Alice looks completely puzzled as well she might be.*]

COOK: There's one thing certain, my girl — while I do the cooking in this house, that baby will have to learn to like pepper. I like pepper, she likes pepper, and you'd better like pepper too, miss. And I'll have no nonsense about cabbage or fat meat, either.

DUCHESS: Quite right, my dear. Now I must go and meet the Queen — you know how she hates to be kept waiting. Catch! [*She throws the baby to Alice who catches it, and then the Duchess stalks off.*]

ALICE: Oh dear, I'm not very good with small babies. Should I try singing to it?

COOK: You may do what you like, miss. I'm off to the trial. [*She takes off her apron and leaves carrying the pepper pot.*]

SONG: [*Alice — moving slowly to front of stage.*]

Sleep little baby, safe in my arms.
Nothing shall hurt you,
Nothing shall harm.
Smile in your slumbers,
No danger is nigh,
And stars are apeeping high up in the sky.
Sleep, little darling, safe here asleep.
Angels, their watch o'er your slumbers shall keep.
Sleep, little darling, you're snug and you're warm.
No tempest can hurt you — you're safe from the storm.

[*Repeat — humming the* B *lines "Sleep little darling . . . you're warm." Then sing to end.*]

ALICE [*Putting child in its cot at the back of the stage*]: There — it's fast asleep. The Duchess should be pleased.

CAT: Should be — but won't!

ALICE: Excuse me — but did you speak?

CAT: Of course, why not?

ALICE: Cats don't usually where I come from — at least I don't think so — not usually.

CAT: Nothing to say.

ALICE: Oh, I see.

CAT: You don't, you know.

[*Pause.*]

ALICE: Please, sir or madam as the case may be, could you tell me which way I ought to go from here?

CAT: That depends a great deal on where you want to get to.

ALICE: I don't think it really matters much.

CAT: Then it doesn't matter which way you go. That is logic.

ALICE: As long as I get somewhere.

CAT: You're bound to get somewhere if you walk far enough.

ALICE: What sort of people live hereabouts?

CAT: Over there lives the March Hare. Over there the Mad Hatter. They are both mad, of course.

ALICE: Why of course?

CAT: We are all mad — you, me, them.

ALICE: How do you know I am mad?

CAT: You must be — you came here, didn't you?

ALICE: Oh — but what about you?

CAT: That is easily proved by geometry — or is it Algebra?

ALICE: I'm afraid I haven't started those yet.

CAT: Well then, let X = a dog who is not mad. You'll grant that, I suppose?

ALICE: Oh, yes.

CAT: Let Y = cat who is to be proved mad. Now X growls when angry and wags his tail when pleased. But Y wags his tail when angry and growls when pleased. Therefore Y is mad. Q.E.D.

ALICE: I should call it purring, not growling.

CAT: You may call it what you like. I'm off to the trial. Are you?

ALICE: I haven't been invited.

CAT: I shall see you there. [*Vanishes. Then re-appears.*] That baby was really a pig, did you know?

ALICE: I did actually, but I didn't like to say anything.

CAT: You should have. [*Vanishes. Then re-appears.*] Always call a spade a spade. [*Vanishes. Then re-appears.*] Always.

ALICE: Please don't do that so quickly — it makes me giddy.

CAT: Why didn't you say so? I have time for a song if you like.

[*The Cat and Alice move down to the front of the stage where they are picked up by spotlights. Behind them the curtain falls.*]

SONG: [*Cat*]

Cats are femininely clever
In a feline sort of way
And quite remarkably determined
To have their kitty-katty say.

They prowl around or curl up small,
Disdainfully accept the cream,
They know they are superior
And held in high esteem.

Child, if you would know the reason
Why cats are very wise,

Then spare a moment, go and look deep in
A cat's inscrutable green eyes.
For cats were worshipped in Egypt.
They sat aloof on golden throne.
And since then they are known to all
As those who walk alone.

CAT: Good-bye child. I shall see you at the trial.
[*Vanishes slowly.*]

ALICE: I think I shall visit the March Hare. Perhaps I'll find out about the trial everyone is talking of. Or shall I try the Mad Hatter? [*Exits slowly.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE SIX

The curtain goes up and we are in the Mad Hatter's garden. There is a very long table, laid for a good many, and sitting together at one end of it are the Mad Hatter, the March Hare and the Dormouse. The Dormouse is, as usual, fast asleep, and the others talk and gesticulate over his head. The Mad Hatter is thin, sharp featured and restless. His hands are never still and his moods change abruptly from second to second. The March Hare is the born "yes-man", laughing his high-pitched laugh when the Hatter looks pleased and frowning nervously when the Hatter is angry. Together they make an eccentric unpredictable pair, and Alice, who enters, looks rather scared. Her courage almost fails her, but she visitbly steels herself and comes closer to the table.

ALICE: Good afternoon.

BOTH [*Not bothering to look round*]: No room! No room!

ALICE [*Angry in spite of her timidity*]: My goodness, there is plenty of room. [*She sits rather defiantly at one end of the table.*]

MARCH HARE [*After a pause*]: Will you have some wine?

ALICE [*Looking at table*]: I don't see any.

MARCH HARE: There isn't any! [*He and the Hatter laugh loudly.*]

ALICE: It wasn't very civil of you to offer it.

MARCH HARE: It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited.

ALICE: I didn't realise it was your table. It's laid for a good many more than three.

MAD HATTER [*Who has been eating a large sandwich and staring hard at Alice*]: Your hair needs cutting.

ALICE: It's rude to make personal remarks.

MAD HATTER [*Ignoring her*]: Why is a raven like a writing desk?

ALICE [*Clasping her hands in delight and ready to forgive the rudeness*]: Oh good, I love riddles. Now let me see — I think — I think I can guess that one.

MARCH HARE: Do you mean you think you know the answer?

ALICE: Yes I think so.

MAD HATTER [*With expansive gesture of the hand holding the sandwich*]: Then you should say what you mean.

ALICE: Oh but I do — at least — at least I mean what I say. That's the same thing.

MAD HATTER: It's not at all. You might as well say that "I see what I eat" is the same as "I eat what I see".

MARCH HARE: Or that "I like what I see" is the same as "I see what I like".

DORMOUSE [*Sleepily*]: Or "I breath, when I sleep" is the same as "I — sleep — when . . . ."

MAD HATTER: It is with you always. [*Takes watch from pocket and looks at it.*] What day of the month is it?

ALICE: The — 4th, I think.

MAD HATTER [*Grumpily*]: Two days wrong. I told you butter wouldn't work, old fellow.

MARCH HARE: Crumbs must have got in then.

ALICE [*Who has risen to look at watch which is extremely large*]: What a peculiar watch. It doesn't tell you what o'clock it is, only the day.

MAD HATTER: Why should it? Does your watch tell you what year it is?

ALICE: Of course not. It stays the same year for ages.

MAD HATTER: Exactly. [*He gives the watch an exasperated 'bang'.*]

MARCH HARE [*Gloomily*]: The Dormouse is asleep again.

DORMOUSE [*Lifting head*]: I — was just — going — to say that. [*He subsides into sleep again.*]

MAD HATTER: Have you guessed the riddle?

ALICE: I give up. What is the answer?

MAD HATTER [*Airily*]: I haven't the slightest idea!

ALICE [*Crossly*]: What a waste of time asking a riddle if you don't know the answer.

MAD HATTER [*Popping his watch hastily under the tea-cosy*]: If you knew Time you wouldn't say that. [*Looks over his shoulder as if frightened.*]

ALICE: What do you mean?

MARCH HARE: I don't suppose you have ever met time.

ALICE: No, but I often have to beat time in music, you know.

MAD HATTER [*Shuddering*]: My dear child, he'll never stand for that. Keep on his good side and he'll do anything, but once you offend him —

ALICE: What can he do?

MAD HATTER: Well he can make lesson time go quickly, and make something that's nice last for ages.

ALICE: And he doesn't for you?

MAD HATTER: No, he quarrelled with me. I was singing — rather well too, although I say it myself — at the Queen's last concert and she called out loudly "Off with his head. He's murdering time". And since then he won't do a thing.

ALICE [*Distressed*]: You poor old thing. [*Brightly.*] Is that why the table is laid for so many?

MAD HATTER: Yes — it's always tea time now. We never have time to buy any cakes for it or do the washing up.

ALICE: Well that's quite a good thing, surely — about the washing up I mean.

MAD HATTER: It's all right the first time round but now it's awful — the tea is always cold.

ALICE: And you just sit here and move round the table all the time?

MARCH HARE: Ssh! Don't keep saying time all the time. There now I've done it too. He'll be furious again.

DORMOUSE: I — think — I'm — going — to sing a — song.

ALICE: Good, I love singing.

MARCH HARE: You won't say that when you've heard him. He falls asleep in the middle.

DORMOUSE: I do not. I'm a remarkably alert little animal. [*Yawns widely.*]

ALICE: What are you going to sing?

MAD HATTER: Need you ask, it's always a lullaby. Come on then, sing if you want to.

[*The Dormouse clambers sleepily down from his chair and moves to the front of the stage. He remains quite alert for most of his little song, but the effort proves too much for him and by the time he gets to the last line, alas, he succumbs and falls asleep again. His eyes are closed, his face wears a blissful smile and he is swaying gently on his feet. The Hatter nudges the March Hare who resignedly gets down from his chair, and leads the Dormouse back to his place at the table.*]

SONG: [*Dormouse*]

At harvest time when the golden corn
Hangs heavy 'neath the summer sun,
Little dormouse frisk and play each day
For life is full of fun,
And noses twitch,
And bright eyes gleam,
And sharp teeth nibble and crunch,
For dormice in the summer
Are a very lively bunch.

When winter comes with cold north wind
And snow lies crisply on the ground,
Little dormice fast asleep lie still
With ne'er a single sound.

With paws tucked in
And tails curled round,
Just tiny bundles of fur,
Whatever happens in winter time
The dormice never stir.

Whatever happens in winter time,
The — dormice — never — stir.

[*Yawns.*]

MAD HATTER: What did I tell you — he's asleep again.

ALICE: It was a pretty little song I think.

MAD HATTER: So you think you can think now.

ALICE: Oh really, you are impossible! [*She gets up angrily and stalks away.*]

MAD HATTER: Come back a moment.

[*There is a pause, Alice turns.*]

ALICE: What do you want?

MAD HATTER: You're going to the trial, I suppose?

ALICE [*Coming back eagerly, her anger forgotten*]: Oh, do tell me about the trial. Whose trial is it? Everyone seems to be talking about it!

MAD HATTER: Why it's *The* trial, of course.

ALICE: I'm afraid I still don't know.

MAD HATTER: Don't you take any interest in world affairs? It's the crime of the century — the mysterious affair of the jam tarts. [*To Hare.*] Shall we move round?

ALICE: Oh you mean —

"The Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts
All on a summer day.
The Knave of Hearts
He stole the tarts
And took them right away."

MARCH HARE [*Paying no attention to Alice*]: The dormouse is snoring again. Shall I pour some tea on his nose?

MAD HATTER: Of course, dear fellow. If it's Indian. He doesn't like China.

ALICE: Please, what will happen to the Knave?

MAD HATTER: The Knave? Why nothing of course. What should happen to him?

ALICE: But won't he be punished for taking the tarts?

MAD HATTER: Really you do talk nonsense, child. The trial is to decide who will be punished.

ALICE: But you know who took them already. Surely the Knave will be the one who gets the punishment.

MAD HATTER: Oh good gracious no! That would be much too boring. We know who did it — it's always the same crime — but we never know who's going to get punished. It's very exciting.

ALICE: You mean you've had lots of trials?

MARCH HARE [*Airily*]: Heaps!

MAD HATTER: She will leave the tarts on the window sill to cool. The Knave can never resist them. The poor old King never gets any.

ALICE: Who was punished last time?

MAD HATTER: I can't remember.

MARCH HARE: The White Rabbit, I think. Yes it was — don't you remember? [*He and the Hatter laugh loudly.*]

MAD HATTER: I say, old fellow, let's move. The dormouse has spilt the milk again.

MARCH HARE: And this conversation is getting trivial.

ALICE [*Angrily*]: Oh! [*She stamps her foot, gets up and leaves the table.*]

MAD HATTER: Wait a moment.

[*Pause.*]

ALICE: Yes?

MAD HATTER: Don't stamp your foot — it's rude.

ALICE: Oh!

[*Alice stamps her foot again and leaves angrily only to find herself pushed back on stage by a milling throng of characters. The Duchess is there, the Cook, the White Rabbit, Bill the lizard — in fact all the little folk we have met before — who come dancing on stage and they all join in the final chorus of Act I.*]

SONG: *Finale*

Where are we going? [*Repeat eight times.*]
Where are we going to?
We're going to the trial.
The misdeeds of the Knave of Hearts
Will soon be on the file.
Where are we going? [*Repeat eight times.*]
And punishment follows crime.
It's only right and proper,
But will the wicked Knave of Hearts
Be the one who comes a-cropper?
Where are we going? [*Repeat eight times.*]
We are the public off
To see the law in action.
Who ever will get punished — it
Will give us satisfaction!
Where are we going?
Where are we going?
We're going to the trial!

[*As the company comes to the final words of their song everyone waves happily to us, the audience as — the Curtain falls.*]

ACT TWO — SCENE ONE

The scene is a beautiful garden, and we can recognise some of the characters to be seen as those we have already met in Act I. There is a sound of martial music and the tramp of marching feet. The crowd moves back and watches as the Royal Advance Guard enters. They are, as one would expect, playing-cards and their fierce looking sergeant is the Ten of Spades. The soldiers march round the stage singing as they go and as they march off, the crowd cheers.

As the soldiers' song dies away the crowd begins to look nervous. A whisper spreads round, "the Queen is coming," and everyone scurries away after the soldiers. The Duchess and the White Rabbit, now in his ceremonial Herald costume, enter. They are chatting most confidentially.

WHITE RABBIT: It was a most upsetting experience, my dear Duchess — a very unpleasant child — no manners, no manners at all.

DUCHESS: I quite agree. One simply is not safe anywhere — why, even my kitchen was invaded.

WHITE RABBIT: You're quite sure she's gone now? I mean — supposing she claimed acquaintanceship with me before their Majesties? After all, I do have my position to consider.

DUCHESS [*Patronizingly*]: Quite, my poor dear. Now of course my own position is quite secure, but when one is merely an equerry, one has to be so careful.

[*Enter Alice who greets the two as old friends.*]

ALICE: Oh, there you are. I'm so glad to see someone I know.

DUCHESS: Oh good heavens! It's that awful child again. [*Exits.*]

WHITE RABBIT: Bless my fur and whiskers! [*Exits.*]

ALICE: Oh please — do come back. [*She runs after them.*] I won't lose you again. [*Exits.*]

[*Enter the 5, 2 and 7 of Clubs. These are dressed as playing-cards with artist's berets on their heads and carry rosebushes, paint and brushes. They dance a simple little dance and then begin furiously painting the roses from white to red. Alice enters again hurriedly and stares at the painters.*]

ALICE: Excuse me, have you seen the Duchess or the White Rabbit?

FIVE: Don't talk to me, child, can't you see I'm busy?

SEVEN: Look what you're doing, Five. You've splashed my tunic.

FIVE: She spoke to me. I couldn't help it.

ALICE: Why are you painting roses?

TWO: It's the Queen! These ought to have been red roses and they aren't. She'll be furious.

ALICE: She seems to be furious all the time. Why don't you just explain?

FIVE: It's your fault, Two. I warned you to keep the bushes separate, but you wouldn't listen. Now she'll behead us all.

SEVEN: Keep on painting, Five. You're talking too much.

[*Sound of a royal procession in the distance.*]

SEVEN: Oh here she comes!

[*As they hear the Royal Procession coming, the three gardeners become very agitated. They try mainly to hide behind one another, get into an awful tangle and finally, in desperation they all fall flat on their faces. First the Royal Bodyguard enters, then the Royal Children (all Hearts, of course, the little dears.) and finally The King and Queen of Hearts. He is rather weak and ineffectual, but she is all we have feared — large, commanding, loud-voiced and completely majestic. She is always angry but in an instance can become even angrier than usual.*]

QUEEN: Silence! [*Pointing to Alice.*] Who is this?

KING: I'm afraid I don't know, my dear.

QUEEN: Idiot. What is your name, human child? Speak up and don't mumble.

ALICE [*Curtseying*]: My name is Alice, so please your Majesty.

QUEEN: And why should it please us? What are these doing? [*Points to the cards.*]

ALICE: Why don't you ask them?

QUEEN: Impertinence! Off with her head!

FIVE [*Crawling up to Queen*]: Well, you see, your Majesty — it was — it was — it was all Two's fault — at least we ordered them exactly as you commanded but — but — oh!

QUEEN: Off with their heads!

ALICE: But you can't have them executed for that.

QUEEN: Off with her head!

ALICE: Oh don't be silly — you said that once.

QUEEN: Oh! [*To King.*] Can't you do something? [*To Duchess.*] You are coming to the trial, I trust, but I warn you — no pepper.

KING [*Quietly to gardeners and Alice*]: You are all pardoned.

ALICE: Oh good, Thank you, Your Majesty.

KING: She forgets, you know — always.

QUEEN [*Imperiously*]: Are you coming? We are waiting.

KING: Coming, my dear. [*To Alice.*] Are you coming to the trial?

ALICE: I should like to but I don't know where it is.

KING: Wait here, my child. The Mock Turtle will be along soon. He'll accompany you.

QUEEN: We are still waiting, come!

KING: At once, my dear.

[*The King and Queen move away majestically followed by their children and the bodyguard. The gardeners run off quickly — in the opposite direction, of course.*]

ALICE: I wonder what a Mock Turtle is?

CAT [*Appearing suddenly*]: You've heard of Mock Turtle soup, haven't you? He's an awful old bore. Good-bye. [*Disappears.*]

[*The Mock Turtle enters very slowly. He is an old, frail and rather forlorn creature. He is weeping slow silent tears into his large spotted handkerchief.*]

ALICE: I do wish people would stay a little longer. It gets curiouser and curiouser.

TURTLE: I quite agree. I can never get anyone to stay and talk.

ALICE [*Curtseying*]: Good-day, sir — you must be the Mock Turtle. His Majesty said that you would let me come to the trial with you.

TURTLE: Of course. I'll be delighted to have your company. But I shall have to have a little rest first. I simply cannot rush, and everyone here seems to. I suppose all the others have gone? I can never keep up with them and I never arrive anywhere on time. I start out early enough, but I move so slowly. [*Sobs quietly.*]

ALICE: Why, I remember reading a story once. It was about a hare and a tortoise. They decided to have a race and the tortoise won because he was so slow and steady.

TURTLE [*Even more sadly*]: Quite another branch of the family, my dear. They are landed gentry — think themselves no end superior to us — never associate with our side at all.

ALICE: But you're on land now, aren't you?

TURTLE [*Sobbing*]: That's because I'm a Mock Turtle, don't you know. Do — you like — singing? [*He is still sobbing.*]

ALICE: I like it very much — only — well, there's so much of it here, isn't there?

TURTLE: Then you won't want to hear my song. [*Sobs even louder.*]

ALICE: Oh please, of course I do. Oh dear Mock Turtle, do stop crying. I should love to hear you sing.

TURTLE: Oh well, if you insist. What type of song do you like?

ALICE: I don't mind just as long as it's jolly with a tune to it.

TURTLE [*Sobbing again*]: I — don't know — any jolly songs — only sad ones. You won't like — my song — one bit. [*He cries loudly.*]

ALICE [*Comfortingly*]: Oh but I shall — I know I shall. Please sing it. What is it called?

TURTLE: It's a lament — in a minor key of course.

ALICE: It sounds — lovely. [*She sounds dubious.*]

SONG: [*Turtle.*]

Turtles are an ancient race of dignity and pride,
And though they look so scaly, wear a tender heart inside,
They fall in love as man does and would dearly love to speak,
And woo their loves with poetry but they can only shriek.
[CHORUS] Beautiful soup so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen.
Who for such dainties would not stoop,
Soup of the evening — beautiful soup.

Their favourite occupation is to sit and try to think.
In case you haven't noticed it, they seldom even blink.
They sit and sit but try in vain for turtle brains are small.
They rarely think of questions and the answers not at all.
[CHORUS] Beautiful soup, who cares for fish
Game of any other dish?
Who would not give all else for two —
Pennyworth only of beautiful soup.
Beautiful soup, beautiful soup,
Soup of the evening — [*Sobs.*] — beautiful soup.

[*The Turtle is crying bitterly at the end of the song.*]

ALICE: Please don't cry, dear Mock Turtle. It was a lovely song and not very sad at all.

TURTLE: I chose the jolliest one I know. [*Sobs.*] The others are much sadder.

ALICE. Are you always sad?

TURTLE: Always — it's being a Mock Turtle, you know. I was even sad at school.

ALICE: I didn't know turtles went to school.

TURTLE: Oh yes, every day.

ALICE: What subjects did you take in your school?

TURTLE: Well, of course, there was reeling and writhing to start with, and the four branches of Arithmetic — Ambition, Distraction, Uglification and Derision.

ALICE [*Doubtfully*]: They don't sound quite the same somehow.

TURTLE: Did you do Drawling in your school? It was an extra. — The Drawling master was a conger eel, he taught us Drawling, Stretching and Fainting in Coils. I wasn't very good though — too stiff you see.

ALICE: How many hours did you do lessons?

TURTLE: Ten hours the first day, nine the next and so on.

ALICE: How strange.

TURTLE: That's why they're called lessons, my dear. Didn't you know? I thought everyone knew that.

ALICE: But nine don't — we go to school the same number of hours each day.

TURTLE: We had a porpoise, you see — that makes a difference. He was the old headmaster and very determined too.

CAT [*Appearing*]: Come along you two. Don't talk any more, old chap, you'll be late again. You had better come on with me, Alice, my child — he'll be ages.

ALICE: Good-bye, dear Mock Turtle. I did enjoy your song [*Exits with Cat.*]

TURTLE: Wait for me! Wait for me!

[*He hobbles after them singing the last line of his song plaintively. The stage darkens.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE TWO

We find ourselves outside the front entrance of the Court House. Alice and the Cheshire Cat are watching a very motley collection of Wonderland creatures who throng inside the imposing doors. Everyone is looking very dignified and they sing solemnly.]

SONG: [*Alice, Cat, Jurors.*]

JURORS: Notice our solemnity.
We are jurors of the trial.
We all move with dignity,
We are jurors of the trial.

ALICE: Where are these going to
With such determination?
Such a very festive feeling,
Almost jubilation.

CAT: Not at all, child, this is serious.
This is solemn pomp and show.
They are going to the courtroom
With the wicked Knave in tow.

JURORS: Notice now our stately gait,
Armed with chalk and squeaky slate.
Till we come they'll have to wait
For jurors at the trial.

[*Alice and her companion move up the steps after the jurors. The great doors begin to shut as the Mock Turtle hobbles, puffing and panting after Alice. He calls out pathetically "Wait for me, wait for me"; the doors open and he too passes inside. The doors are shut fast.*]

SCENE THREE

At last we are in the Court Room itself and the trial is about to begin. There is a tremendous feeling of anticipation; the jurors are filling up the jurors' box and chattering together noisily; the Dormouse, the Caterpillar and the Mock Turtle take their seats; the March Hare, resplendent in wig and gown is consulting his notes anxiously; the Usher, stern and dignified is vainly trying to restore law and order. Two playing-card policemen lead in the Knave — an insolent handsome young villain — and escort him to dock from which vantage point he surveys the scene in a most unconcerned manner. The White Rabbit fusses in, the tumult becomes worse, and the jurors erupt into song.

SONG: [*Jurors and Usher.*]

JURORS: Chitter chatter, chitter chatter,
What we say just doesn't matter,
Nitter natter, nitter natter,
All we do is make a clatter.
[*Repeat.*]

USHER: All present in this court
Must here and now be quiet.
The King and Queen of Hearts
Will think it's a riot.

JURORS: [Repeat "Chitter chatter" etc.]

USHER: All present in this court
Must rise and bow the knee.
The King and Queen of Hearts
Are judges as you see.

JURORS: Hearts are aching, chairs a scraping
Majesty its seat is taking,
Pens are quaking, ink is shaking
On the notes that we are making.
[*Repeat.*]

[*General hub-bub breaks out again and then the King enters. Shouts of "Hurrah" etc. and "Song from His Majesty".*]

KING: Well, if you insist, but a very short one. She gets furious.

SONG: [*King.*]

I'm a sort of King-Apparent
Full of pomp and circumstance.
On occasions ceremonious
I can glance a regal glance.
In my diadem and ermine,
Then by right I am divine
And my accent it is faultless,
Though I stem from a foreign line
[CHORUS] Oh, they let me ride my ponies,

They let me fly my plane,
And they let me sail my little yacht,
To Cowes and back again.
And they let me give my prizes,
But I'm not allowed my say.
I'm the one who walks behind the Queen
With my hands in a certain way.

I get lots of bright ideas,
But they quickly shoot them down,
For this head that looks so regal
Is too small to wear the crown.
It's the female wears the trousers
In the highlands when we're up.
Oh to be a mere Consort
Is indeed a bitter cup!

[CHORUS.]

[*At the end of song there is much loud applause from the jurors, etc. and then the Queen enters.*]

QUEEN: Silence!

[*Everyone says "Ssh" very loudly, and the King escorts the Queen to her chair. They both sit. Alice enters with the Cat.*]

KING [*Putting on his spectacles*]: Ah, here she is now, my dear.

QUEEN: And about time too. Off with his or her head. [*To Cat who vanishes slowly.*]

KING: You child, you may stand over there.

ALICE: Thank you, Your Majesty. [*Alice walks over to Jurors.*]

ALICE: What *are* you all doing?

BILL: Writing our names in case we forget them.

ALICE: How stupid.

QUEEN: Silence in court. [*Silence — pause.*]

BILL [*To Alice*]: How do you spell 'silence'?

QUEEN: Never mind how you spell it — if I don't get it, I'll have you all beheaded. [*She glares angrily.*]

KING [*Hurriedly*]: Please do be quiet, all of you. Er — may the Herald read the accusation now, my dear?

QUEEN: If he doesn't I'll have his head too.

WHITE RABBIT [*Nervously — he blows on his trumpet*]: The — Queen of Hearts —

QUEEN: Louder! I can't hear.

WHITE RABBIT [*Shouts*]: The Queen of Hearts, she —

QUEEN: Don't shout. We are not deaf!

WHITE RABBIT: The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts
All on a summer's day.
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts
And took them right away.

JURORS [*To Knave*]: Boo!

KING [*Sadly*]: I was looking forward to having them for tea. [*To Jurors.*]

Consider your verdict.

MARCH HARE: If it please Your Majesty, as counsel for the prosecution may I respectfully point out that we have not yet heard the evidence. If it please Your Majesty I should like to call the first witness.

QUEEN: You may call him — or her — as the case may be; whether we listen is another thing altogether. Ha! Ha!

[*Pause.*]

KING: Ha! Ha!

JURORS: Ha! Ha!

QUEEN: Be quiet or I shall have your heads.

[*Everyone says "Ssh". Silence falls.*]

BILL: How do you spell heads?

ALICE: H-E-A-D-S.

QUEEN: Off with —

WHITE RABBIT [*Quickly*]: Call the first witness.

USHER: What shall I call him?

QUEEN: Call him quickly or else — !

USHER: Call the first witness quickly! Call the first witness quickly!

[*There is a sound of running feet and the Mad Hatter enters, a cup of tea in one hand and a sandwich in the other.*]

MAD HATTER: Good afternoon, Your Majesty — good afternoon all. I do beg your pardon for speaking with my mouth full, but I'm still having my tea.

KING [*Peering at Hatter over his spectacles*]: When did you begin?

MARCH HARE: A very good question, Your Majesty. I was just going to ask that.

MAD HATTER [*Taking a bite out of sandwich to help him think*]: Well, it was the 14th March, I think, or was it the 15th? I can't quite remember. It was raining — or was that the day after?

KING: It depends on what it was after, surely? Isn't that correct, my dear?

QUEEN: I'm sure I don't know and I certainly don't care. Off with —

MARCH HARE [*Quickly breaking in*]: May I put some more questions to the witness, Your Majesty?

KING: You may. Jurors, you will listen more carefully and pay particular attention.

BILL: How do you spell attention?

ALICE: Oh dear! You aren't very good at spelling, are you?

QUEEN: Silence in court! [*She glares at Alice and Bill. The Jurors say 'Ssh' loudly.*]

MARCH HARE: Will you please tell the court what you saw — in your own words, omitting nothing.

BILL: How do you —

ALICE: Ssh!

MAD HATTER: It's like this, Your Maesty. I'm a poor man and I had only just begun —

KING: Begun what?

MAD HATTER: It began with tea.

KING: It doesn't begin with a T at all — it ends with one. Ha! Ha!
QUEEN: Will you be quiet.
KING: Ssh!
MAD HATTER: Well, the March Hare said —
MARCH HARE: I did not. You're dragging me in as a red herring.
KING: You don't look much like a red herring to me. Ha! Ha! Sorry, my dear.
QUEEN: Proceed!
MAD HATTER [*Sulkily*]: It was the Dormouse said it then.
DORMOUSE [*Sleepily*]: I was asleep.
QUEEN: You always are.
KING: What did the Dormouse say?
MAD HATTER: I can't remember.
KING: But you must.
MAD HATTER [*Falling on his knees before the Queen*]: I'm a poor man, your Majesty.
QUEEN: You're a very poor speaker. [*She stares round at the jurors for a sign of appreciation.*]
SMALL JUROR: Hurray!
QUEEN [*Furiously*]: Suppress that noise!

[*The White Rabbit solemnly puts a sack over the Juror's head.*]

MAD HATTER [*Seizing an advantage*]: May I leave, Your Majesty?
QUEEN: If you don't, your head will.

[*The Hatter bows and leaves rapidly — only to find he has forgotten his sandwich. He crawls back to get it. The Queen stares but says nothing.*]

KING: Call the next witness.
USHER: Call the next witness. Call the next witness.

[*Duchess enters.*]

QUEEN: Your hat is crooked again. I warned you.
DUCHESS: So is your crown, my dear.
QUEEN: How dare you. Off with her head!
DUCHESS: Don't be silly, dear. We were girls together.
QUEEN: You may have been a girl together — I never was.
KING [*Interrupting to prevent the Queen from getting more annoyed*]: Would you tell us what you know about this shocking affair, my dear.
DUCHESS: I? — What would I know? I was playing croquet at the time.
QUEEN: And cheating furiously, I've no doubt.
DUCHESS: *My* family never cheats.
QUEEN: Are you daring to insinuate that my family does? Off with her head.
KING: You had better go, my dear. She'll forget. She always does.

[*Exit Duchess, head in air.*]

QUEEN [*Calling after her*]: And put your hat straight.
KING: Who is the next witness?
WHITE RABBIT: It's the Duchess' Cook, Your Majesty.
KING: Oh dear! Do we have to have her? She will bring her pepper pot.
MARCH HARE: She is a very important witness, Your Majesty.
KING [*Sulkily*]: Oh very well then.
USHER: Call the Cook. Call the Cook.

[*Pause.*]

KING [*Cheering up*]: Good, she's not here.
JURORS: Hurray!
MARCH HARE: Would you try again and call loudly.
USHER: Loudly! Loudly!
WHITE RABBIT: No, call the cook loudly.
USHER: Oh very well. Call the Cook! Call the Cook!

[*The Cook enters with large pepper pot. Everyone sneezes.*]

KING: Give your evidence, my good woman, and be quick about it.
COOK: Shan't! [*She waves pot and everyone sneezes again!*]
KING: Please do stop that.
COOK: Shan't!
QUEEN [*Ominously*]: Oh yes you will.
COOK: Shan't!
QUEEN [*Bored*]: Call the executioner.
COOK: Oh very well. [*She capitulates with very bad grace.*]
MARCH HARE: Would you please tell the court what the tarts were made of.
COOK [*Shaking pot*]: Pepper, of course!
KNAVE: They were not. They were jam.
COOK [*Furiously*]: Pepper.
KNAVE: Jam. I ought to know.
COOK [*Threatening Knave with pot*]: Pepper.
KNAVE: Jam — blackcurrent.
KING [*Weakly*]: My favourite. Oh! [*He groans and jurors make sympathetic noises.*]
QUEEN: Quiet!
DORMOUSE [*Sleepily*]: Treacle.
QUEEN: Who said that?

[*The dormouse snores loudly.*]

QUEEN: Suppress that dormouse.

[*The Rabbit and the Usher suppress the dormouse by putting a large sack over his head.*]

QUEEN [*Pointing at Cook*]: Remove her head.
KING: Oh please, my dear, do remove all of her.
HARE: The witness is dismissed.
COOK [*Standing firm*]: Oh I am, am I?
MARCH HARE: Yes you am — I mean are.
COOK: Very well. [*Throws pepper pot at King and exits. Everyone sneezes.*]
MARCH HARE: Call Alice.
HERALD: Call Alice what?
USHER [*Determined to get it right*]: Call Alice What! Call Alice What!
ALICE: You needn't shout. I'm here. But I'm afraid I don't know anything.
KING: You know the story, don't you?
ALICE: Yes, but I wouldn't call it a story. It's a poem actually.
KING: Ha! Put that down, jurors. It's important.

[*Jurors write.*]

BILL: How do you spell important?
KING: Er — one M and two P's.
ALICE: That's surely wrong.

KING: Is it? I-M-M-P — no, I-M-P-P.

QUEEN [*Who has been consulting a large book*]: All persons more than a mile high to leave the court. Rule 42.

[*Everyone looks round and then slowly all eyes turn to Alice.*]

ALICE: I'm not a mile high.

KING: You are my dear. Nearly two miles in fact.

ALICE: It's a very silly rule — I think she's just made it up.

QUEEN: It's the oldest rule in the book.

ALICE [*Triumphantly*]: Then it ought to be Rule One.

QUEEN [*Rising*]: How dare you! Off —

KING [*Quickly*]: Consider your verdict, jurors.

MARCH HARE: There is more evidence, Your Majesty. This letter has just been handed in.

KING: What is it?

MARCH HARE: I haven't read it yet.

KING: Then let the Herald read it, dear fellow. We haven't got all day.

HERALD [*Takes letter and solemnly reads it*]: It appears to be a letter from the prisoner to somebody.

KING: To whom?

HERALD: It doesn't say.

KING: Ha! A unanimous letter. Very suspicious.

KNAVE: I didn't write it.

HERALD: You did.

KNAVE: It isn't my handwriting.

KING: Then you copied someone else's.

QUEEN: Off with his head!

HERALD [*Quickly*]: It's in verse your Majesty.

KING: You had better read it then, I suppose.

HERALD: Where shall I begin?

KING: Begin at the beginning, go on till you come to the end and then stop.

WHITE RABBIT: They told me you had been to her

And mentioned me to him.
She gave me a good character
But said I could not swim.

[*The jurors look puzzled and so does the King. He notices the jurors looking at him and at once looks very wise.*]

KING [*Judiciously*]: Very suspicious.

QUEEN: Off with —

WHITE RABBIT [*Quickly*]:

I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more.
They are returned from him to you
Though they were mine before.
Don't let them know she liked them best,
For this must ever be
A secret kept from all the rest
Between yourself and me.

KING [*Now looking extremely wise*]: That is very significant evidence. Let the jury consider their verdict.

ALICE: It doesn't mean anything at all. I think it's all nonsense.

BILL: How do you spell nonsense?

KING: Of course it means something. Let the jury consider their verdict, I say.

QUEEN: And *I* say — sentence first, verdict afterwards.

ALICE: But that is perfectly ridiculous.

QUEEN [*Rising*]: Oh no, it's not—and anyway it's Alice's turn to be punished.

KING: An excellent suggestion, my dear.

WHITE RABBIT: Let Alice step forward to hear sentence pronounced.

[*Recit.*]

ALICE: Who cares for you? Who cares for you?
You're only cards I find.

QUEEN: Off with her head. Did you hear what she said?

KING: My dear, why not be kind?

ALL: Off with her head. Did you hear what she said?
But he said let's be kind.
Let's make her sing.
Yes, that's the thing.
Make Alice sing instead.

RABBIT: The sentence of this Court —
Now let this sentence ring —
The sentence of this Court
Is that Alice must sing.

ALL: The sentence of this Court is
That Alice must sing.

[*Alice shyly steps forward and prepares to oblige.*]

SONG: [*Alice.*]

You've asked me to sing — you've asked me to sing.
I'll do it, my friends, with much pleasure.
The memory of — the memory of
This visit I will always treasure,
For Wonderland is a very strange place.
I've met such a lot of very strange folk.
My visit is over and now I can see
It's all been a very fine joke.

ALL: So let's join hands and we'll sing and we'll dance
And weave in and out round our guest.
We hope she had a wonderful time,
For we think she is one of the best.

[*The whole company is now dancing and singing with Alice as its centre. She has somehow acquired the King's crown and wears it at a rakish angle and even the Queen is smiling. She and the Duchess appear for once to be the best of friends, and the Mock Turtle is surprisingly not crying. The noise of singing dies away and the Curtain Falls.*]

SCENE FOUR

We find ourselves back, where we began, in the quiet bedroom. Our old friend the Professor and the other little Alice are still as we left them.

ALICE [*Eagerly*]: And then what happened?

PROFESSOR: Alice, the other Alice, found herself sitting on the bank of the river. The sun had begin to sink and her sister was brushing away some leaves from her face.

ALICE: You mean it had all been a dream? [*She looks a little disappointed.*]

PROFESSOR: That is what her sister said when Alice told her the story. [*Gently.*] But we know better, don't we, my child?

ALICE: Oh yes! You will come and tell me another story won't you?

PROFESSOR: I promise, little Alice. But now you must rest. Good night, my dear and dream well. Good night.

[*As the quiet voice of the Professor says 'good night' to his little friend, the walls of the bedroom appear to dissolve, and the magical world of Wonderland is seen for the last time. We are given a final glimpse of the quaint and amusing characters whom we have learned to love. They all sing before the curtain comes down for the last time.*]

FINALE: [*Ensemble.*]

The world of a child is a wonderland,
Believe me, I know.
For the eyes of a child see a wonderland
Wheresoever that child will go.

When a child is a man,
He will sometimes forget
The delight and the magic and joy,
But just rarely it happens,
Though not very often,
A man will remember
The dreams that he knew as a boy.

When a man can remember that wonderland,
Believe me, I know.

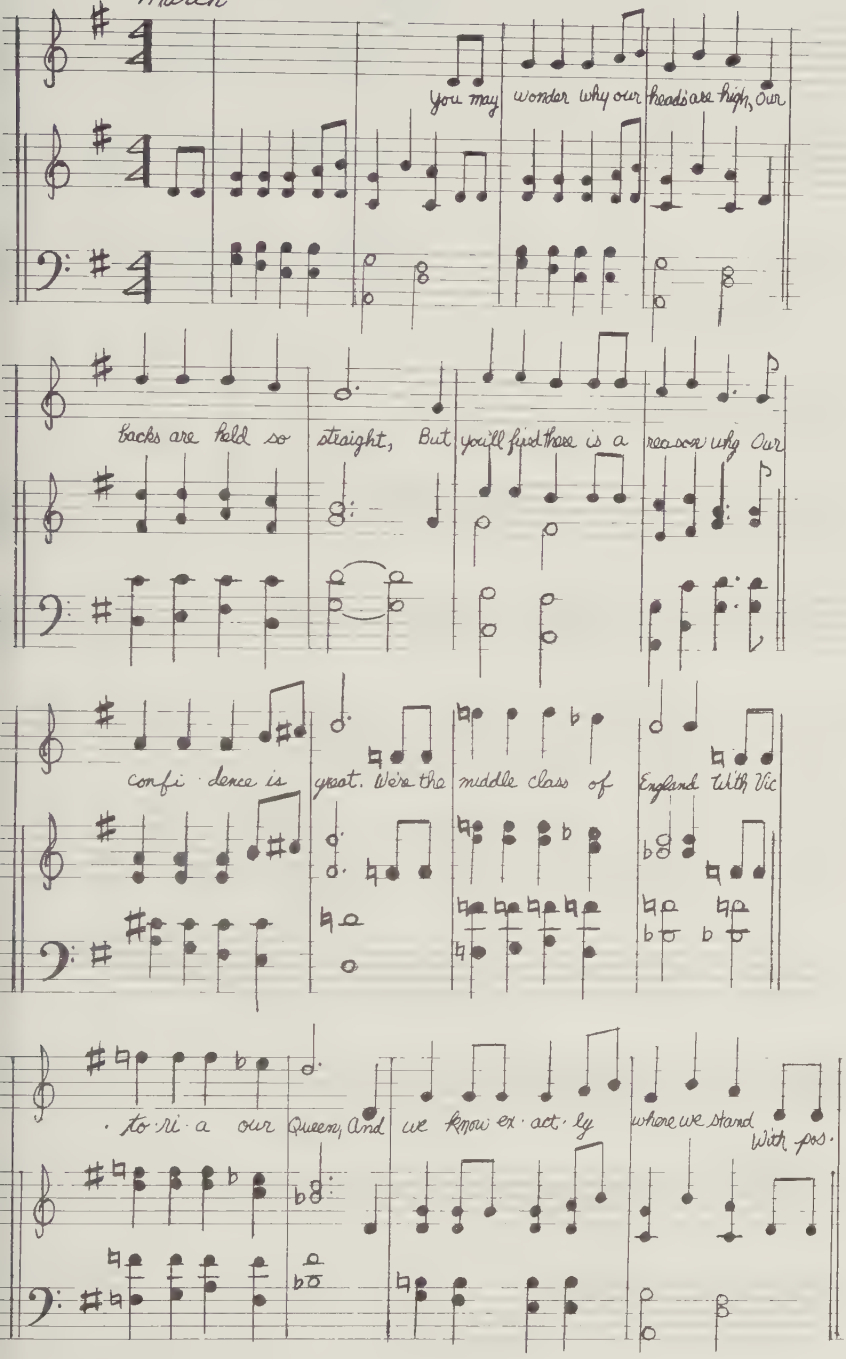
Then his eyes, like the child, see a wonderland
Wheresoever that man will go.

And the child who's a man
Will not ever forget
The delight and the magic and joy,
For it sometimes does happen
Though not very often
A man will remember, will always remember
The dreams that he knew as a boy.

CURTAIN

You May Wonder Why

March



Adaigo

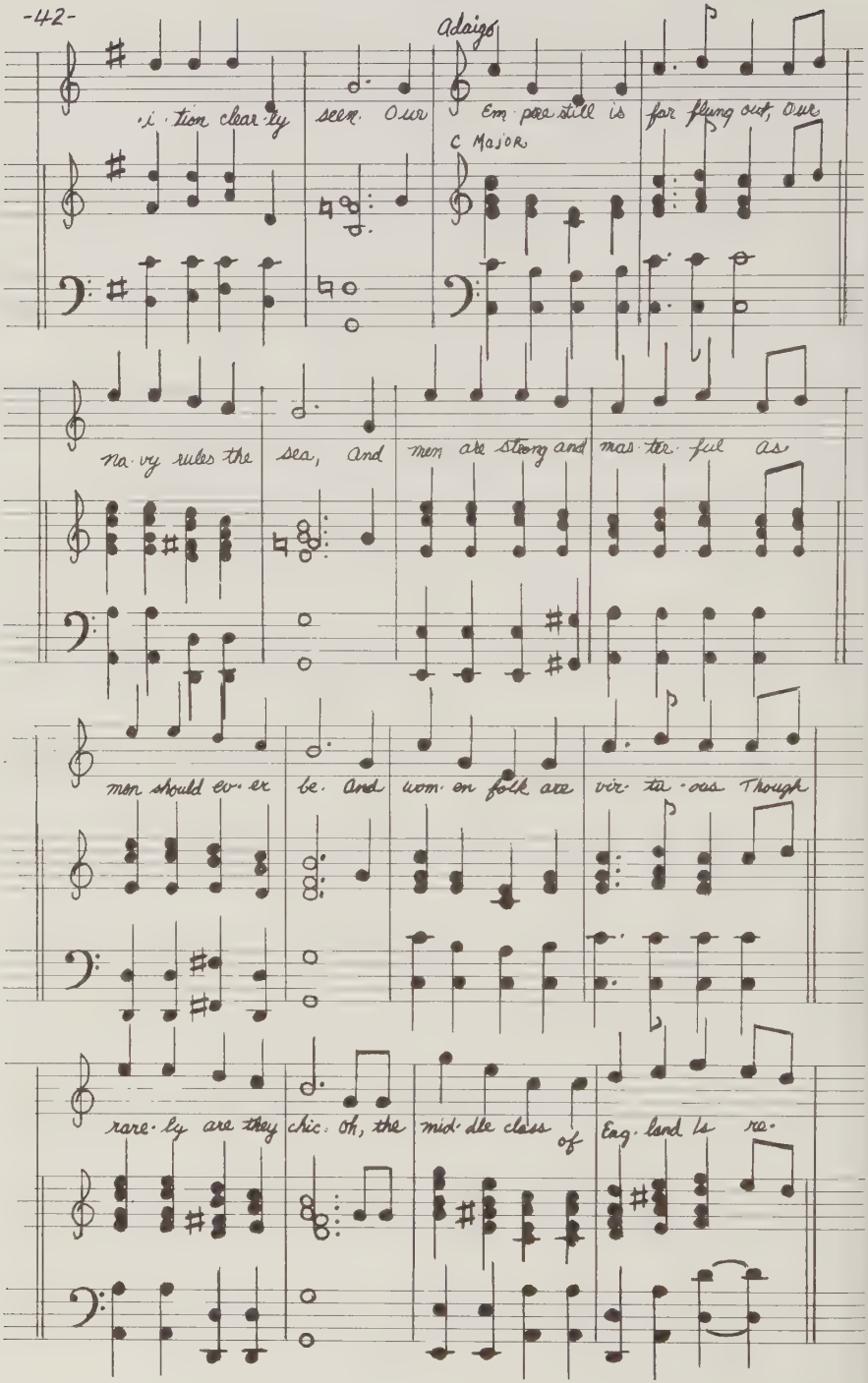
C Major

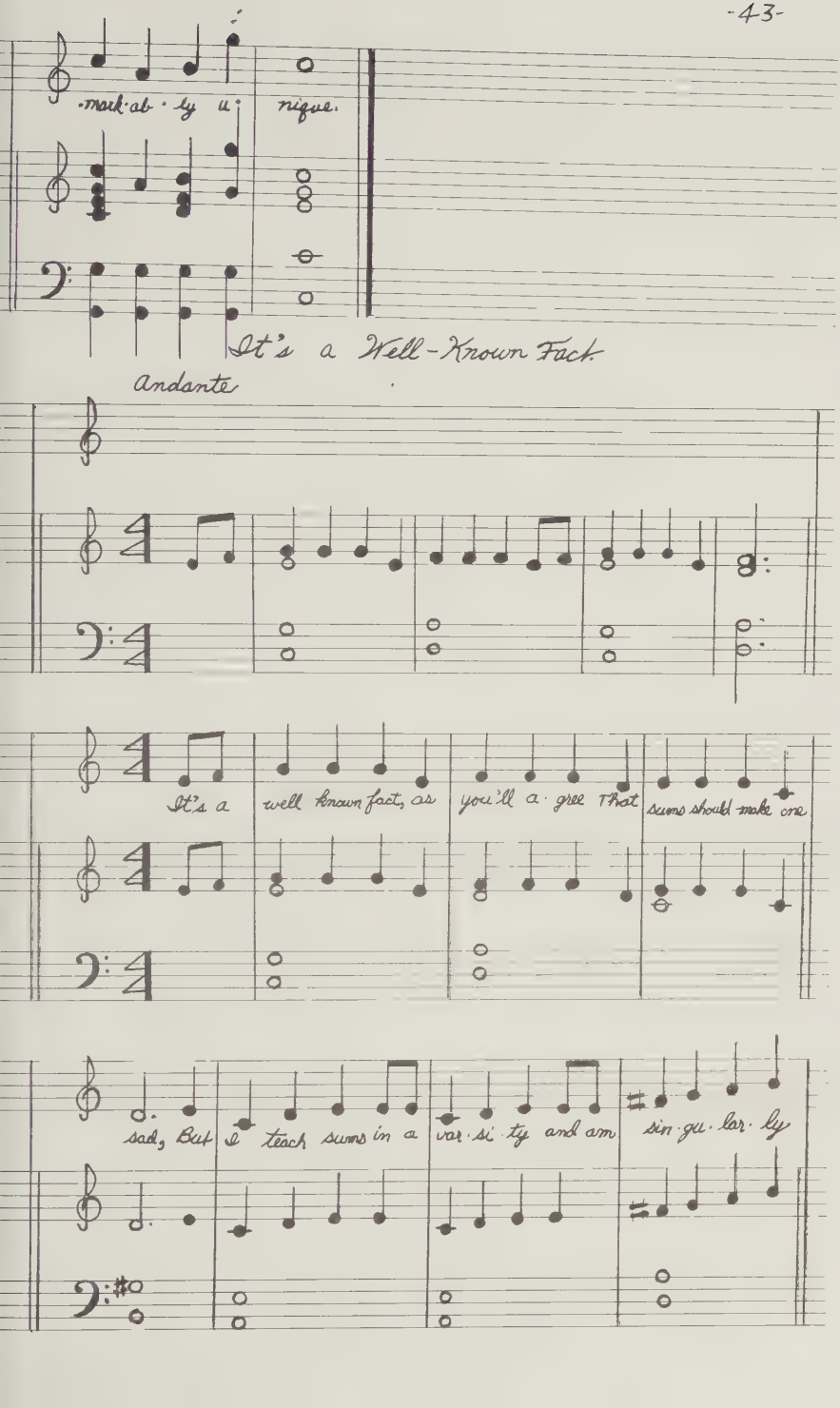
·i·tion clear·ly seen. Our Em·pire still is far flung out, Our

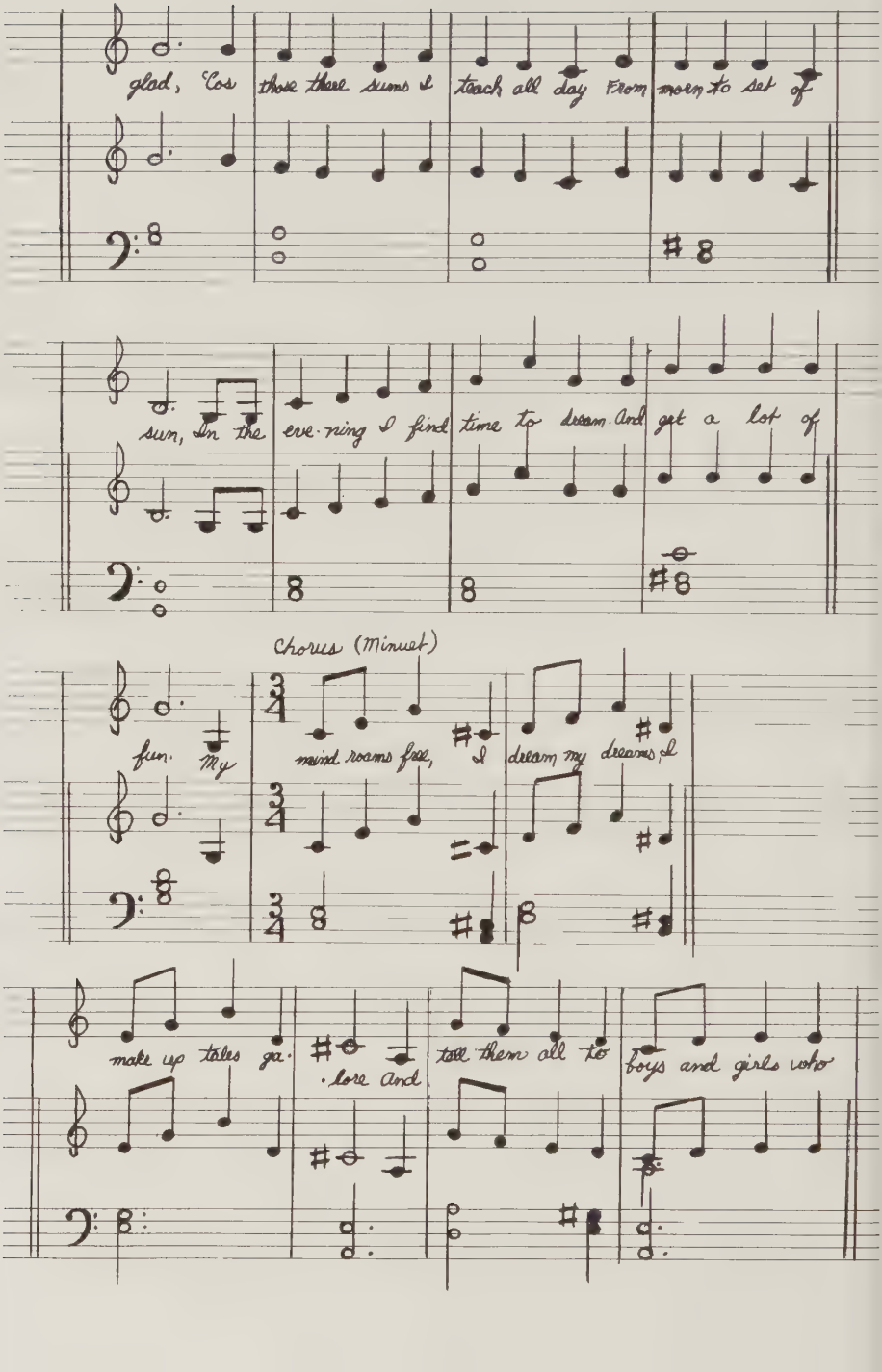
na·vy rules the sea, And men are strong and mas·ter·ful as

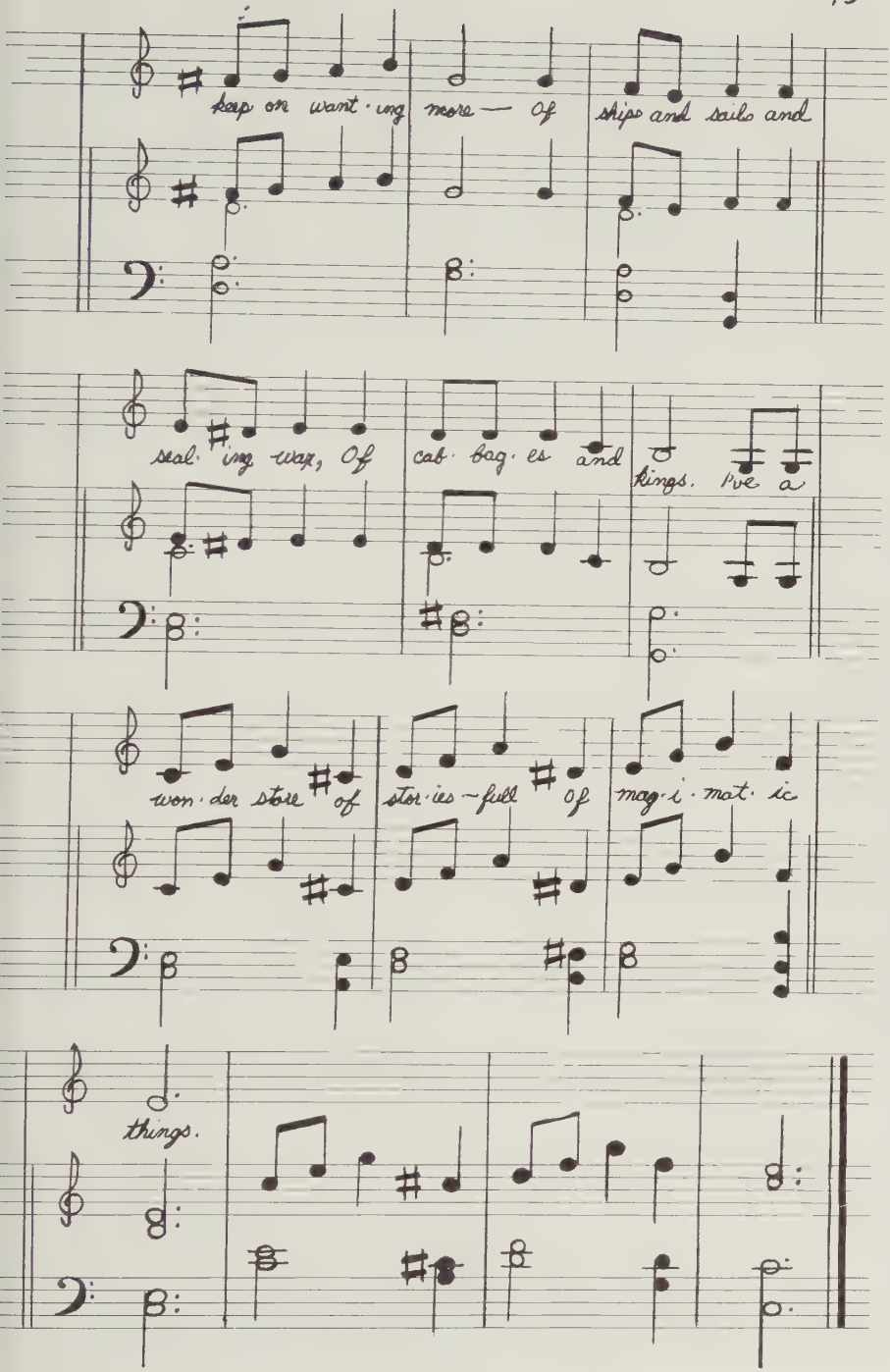
men should ev·er be. And wom·en folk are vir·tu·ous Though

rare·ly are they chic. Oh, the mid·dle class of Eng·land is re·

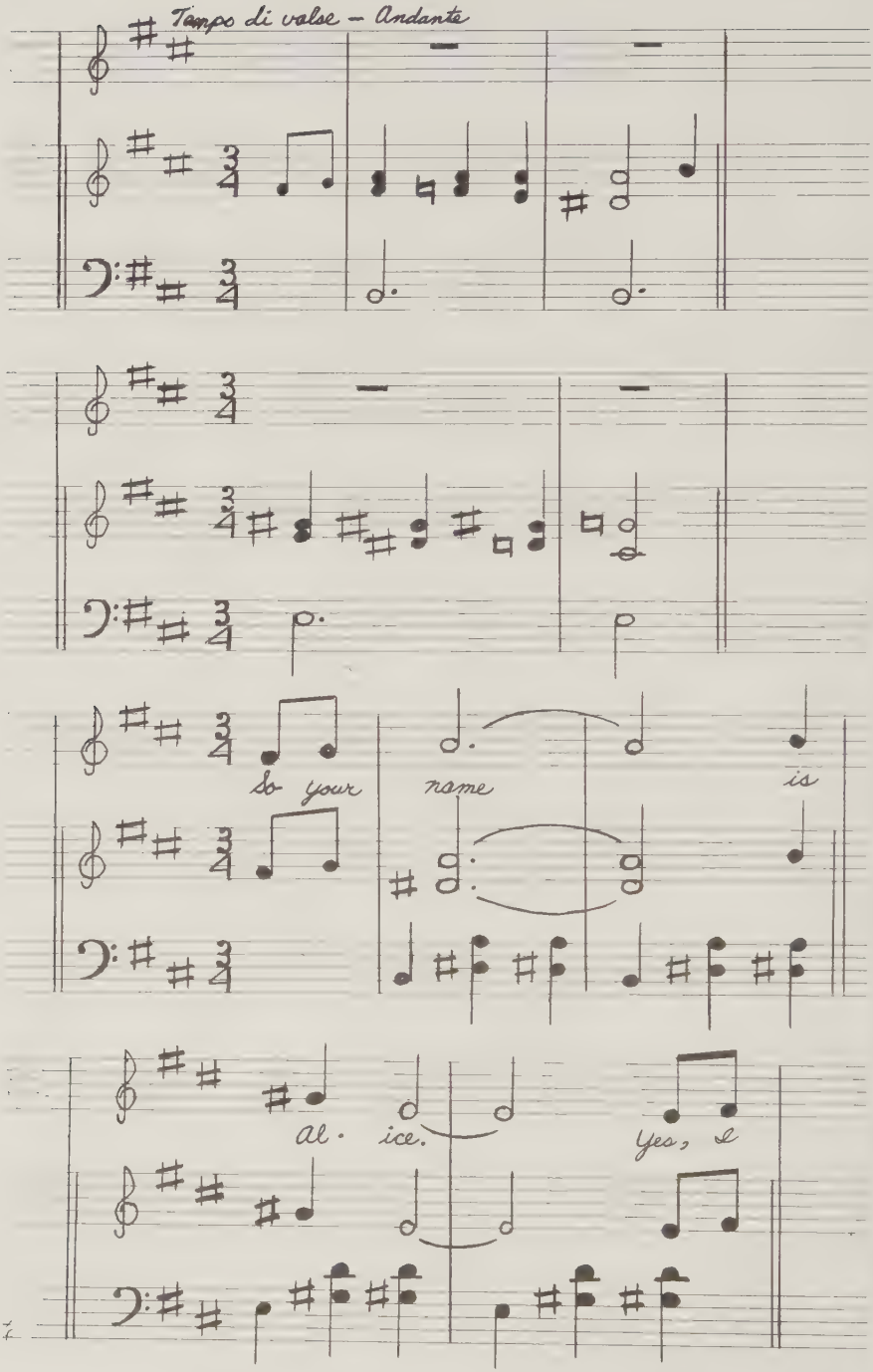


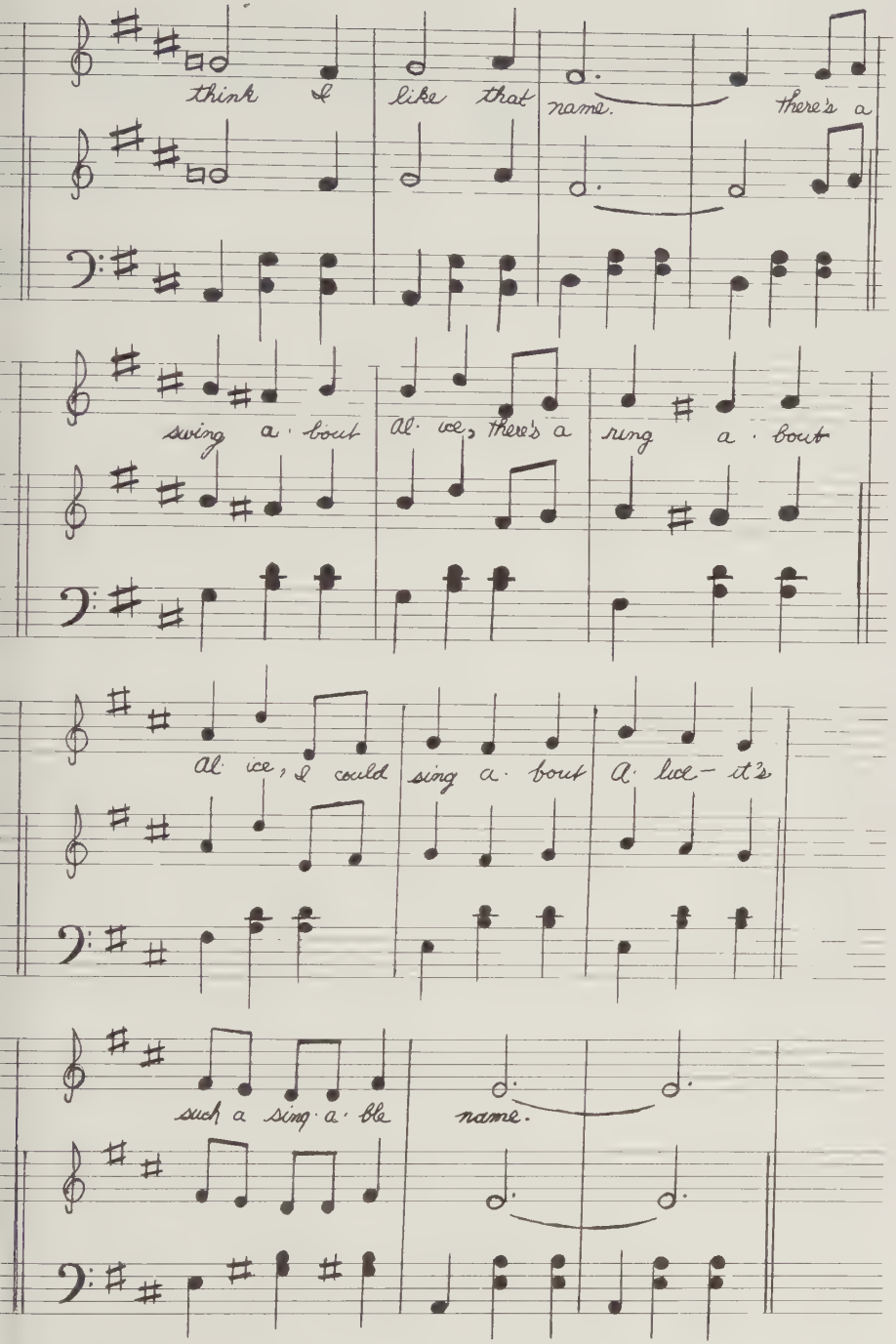

mark·ab·ly u· nique.
It's a Well-Known Fact
Andante
It's a well known fact, as you'll a·gree That sums should make one
sad, But I teach sums in a var·si·ty and am sin·gu·lar·ly

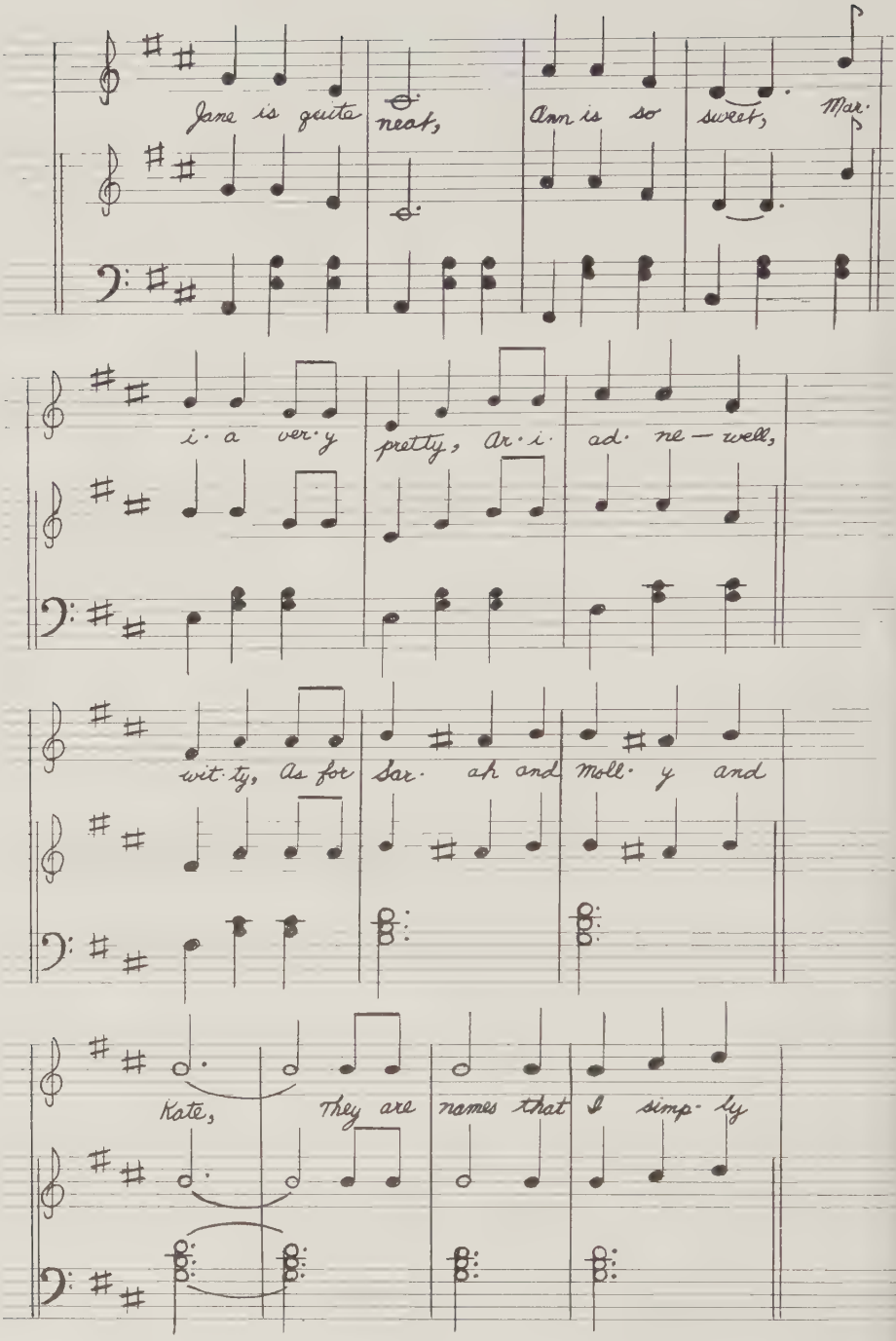

glad, 'Cos those there sums I teach all day From morn to set of
sun, In the eve-ning I find time to dream And get a lot of
Chorus (Minuet)
fun. My mind roams free, I dream my dreams, I
make up tales ga-lore And tell them all to boys and girls who

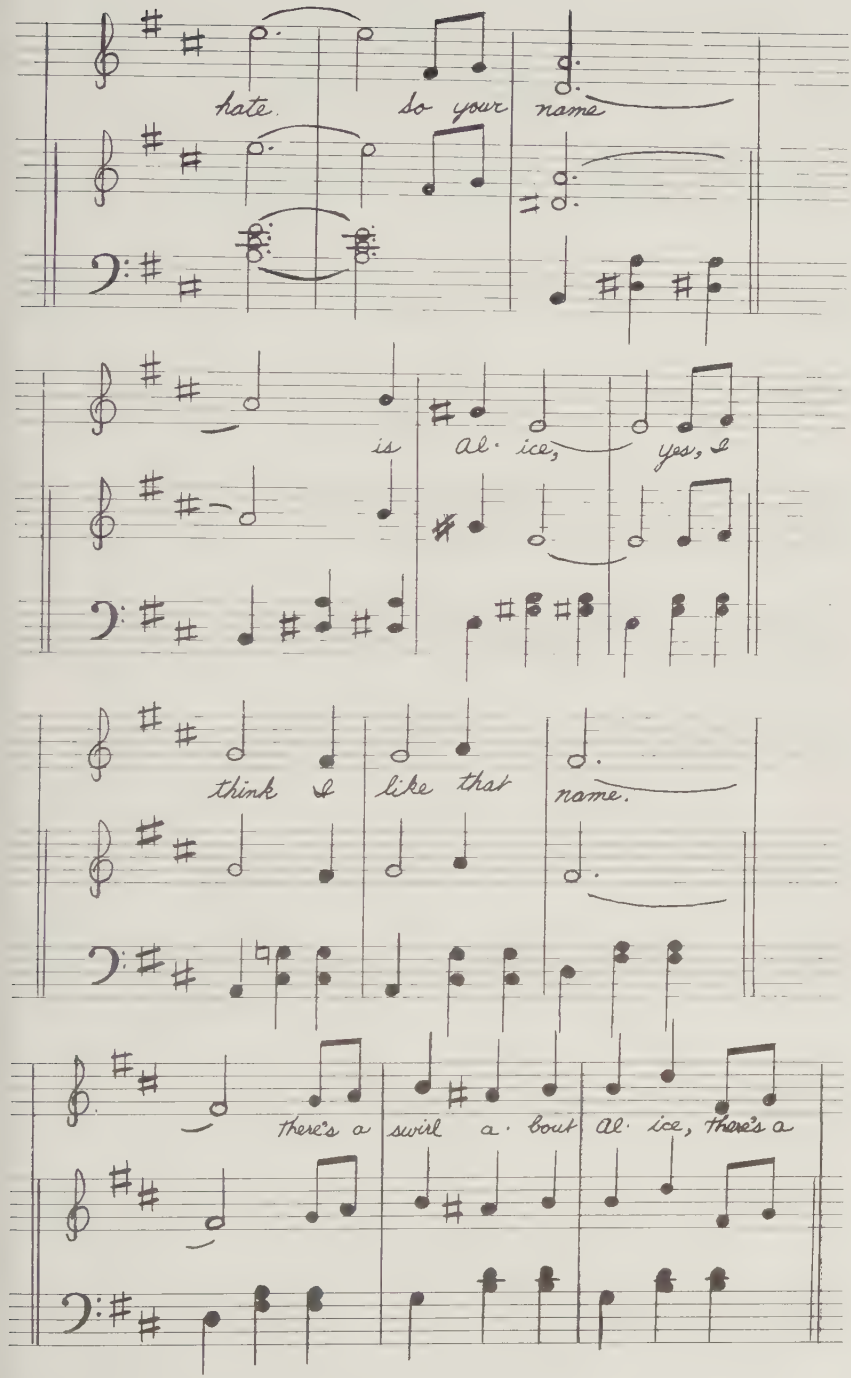

Sap on want ing more — Of ships and sails and
seal ing wax, Of cab bag es and kings. I've a
won der store of sto ies — full of mag i mat ic
things.

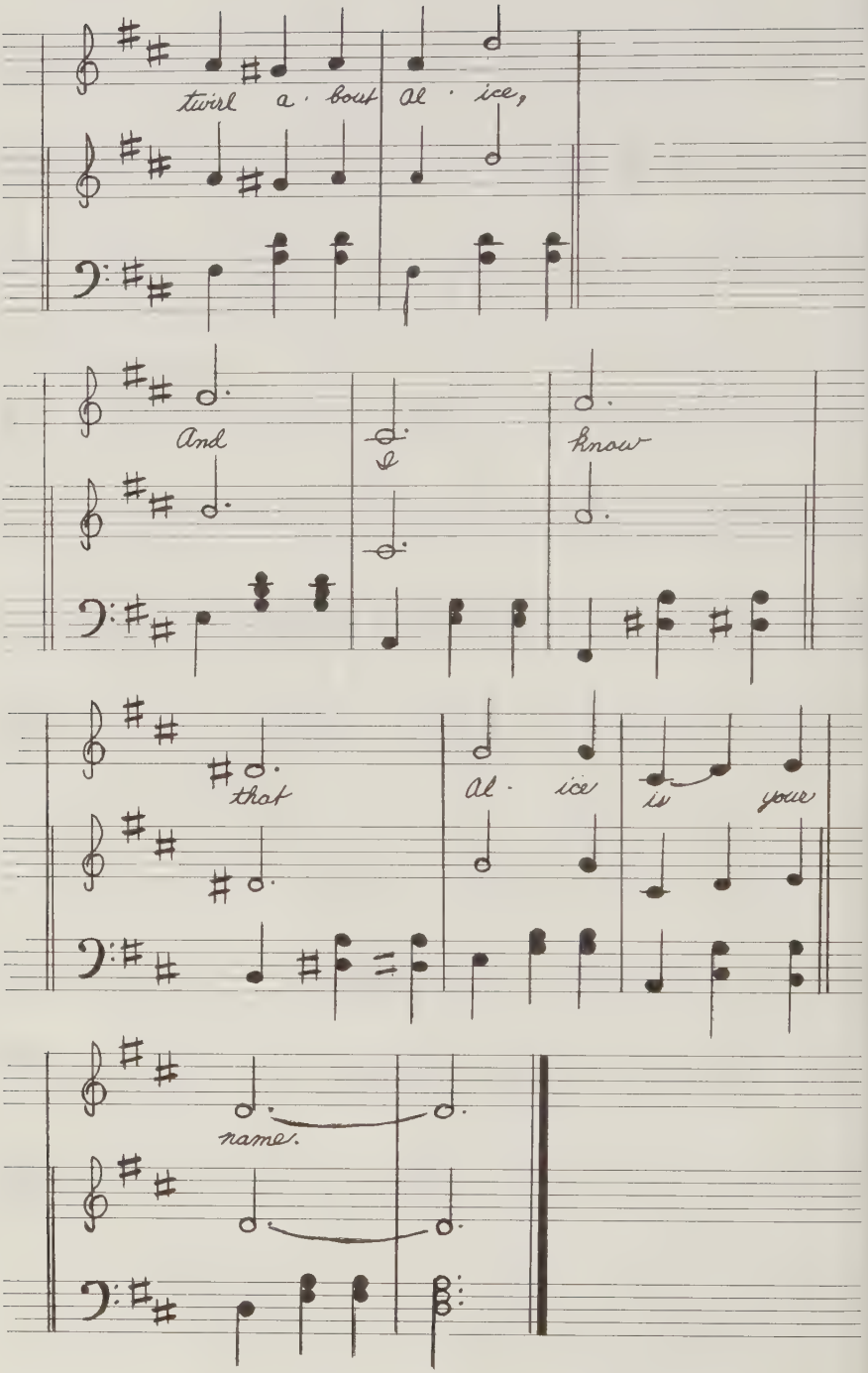
So Your Name is Alice




think I like that name. there's a
swing a · bout Al · ice, there's a sing a · bout
Al · ice, I could sing a · bout A · lice – it's
such a sing · a · ble name.

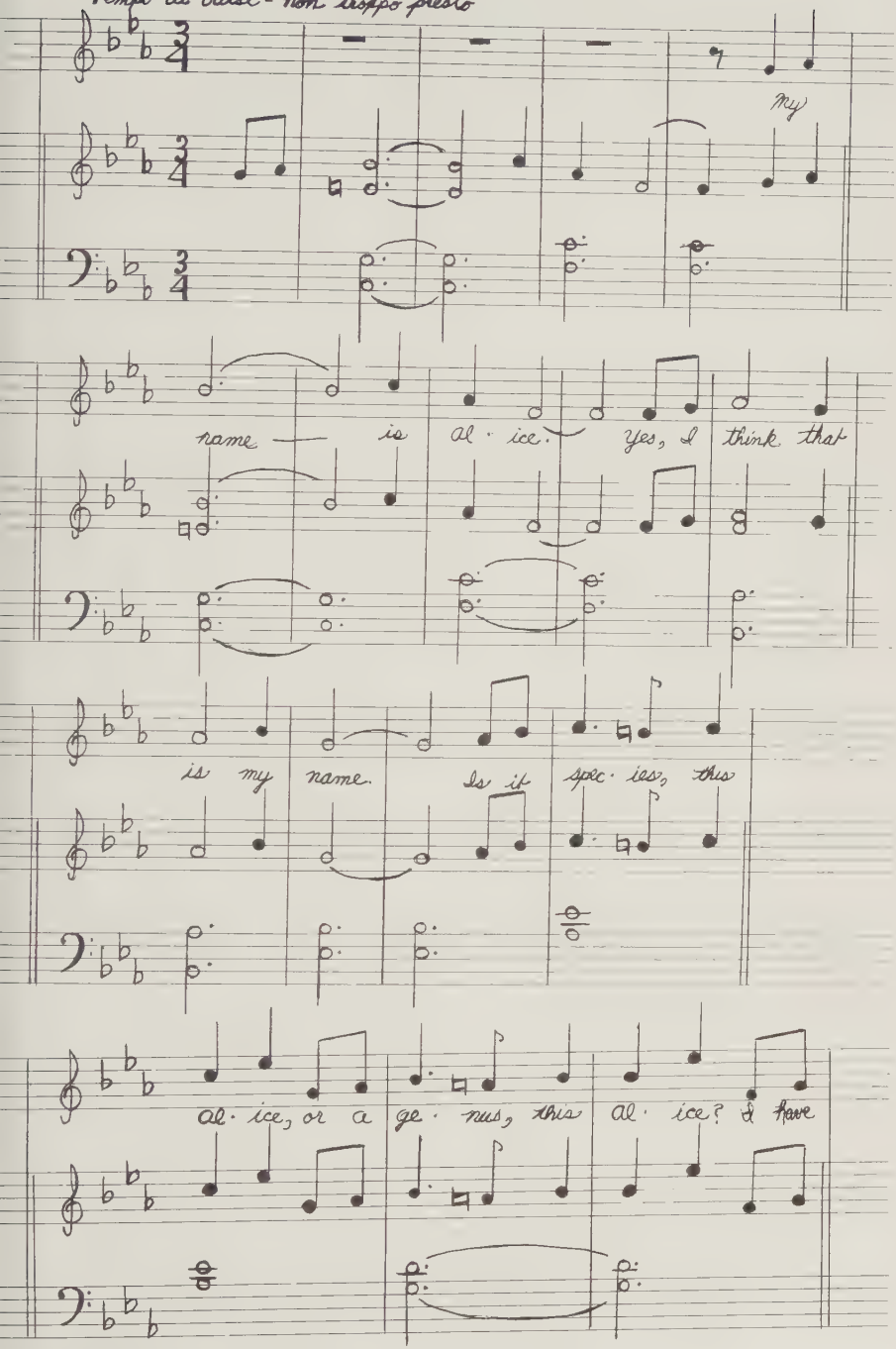

Jane is quite neat, Ann is so sweet, Mar·
i· a ver· y pretty, Ar· i· ad· ne — well,
wit· ty, As for Sar· ah and Moll· y and
Kate, They are names that I simp· ly

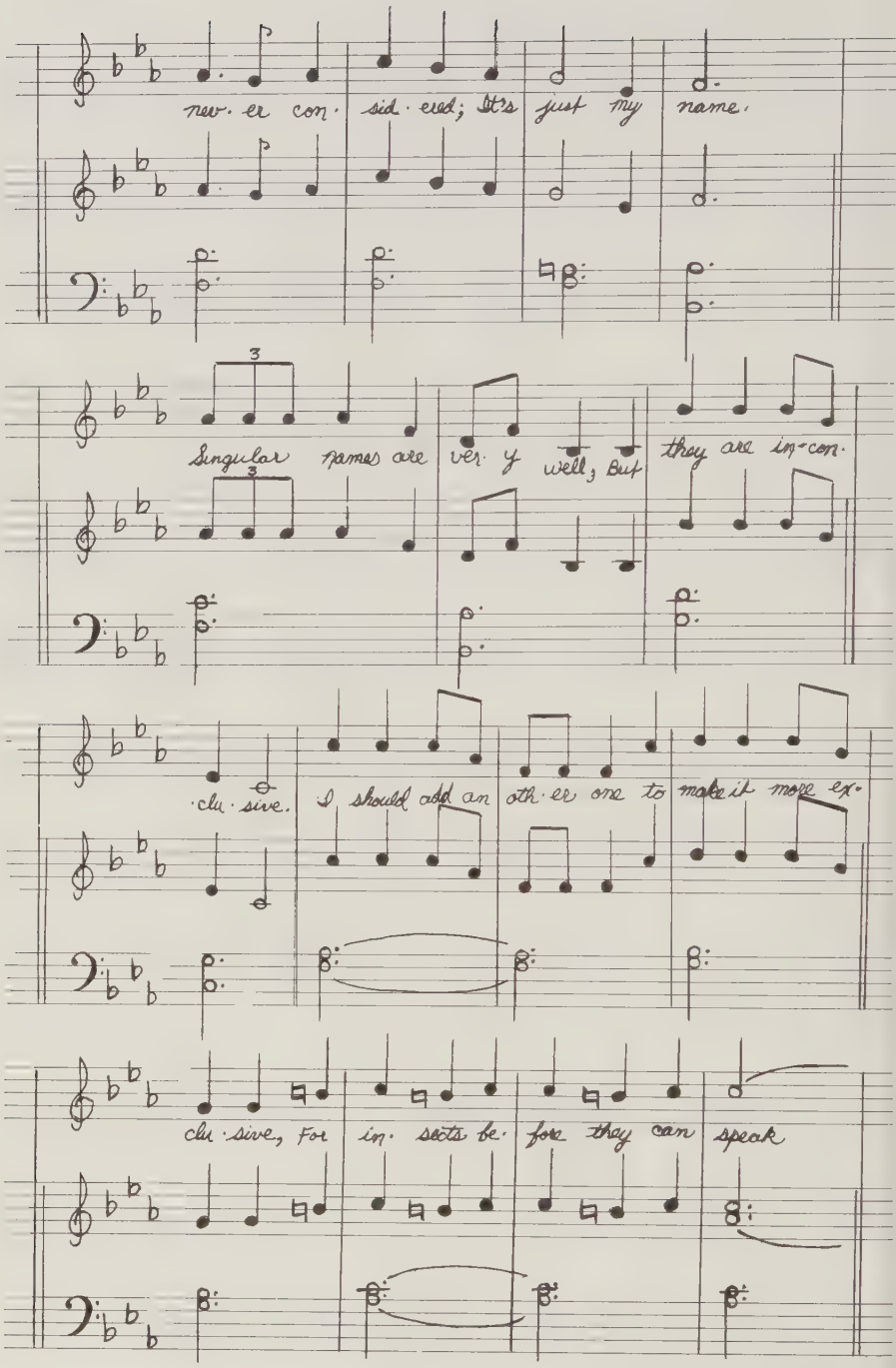

hate so your name
is al· ice, yes, I
think I like that name.
there's a swirl a· bout al· ice, there's a

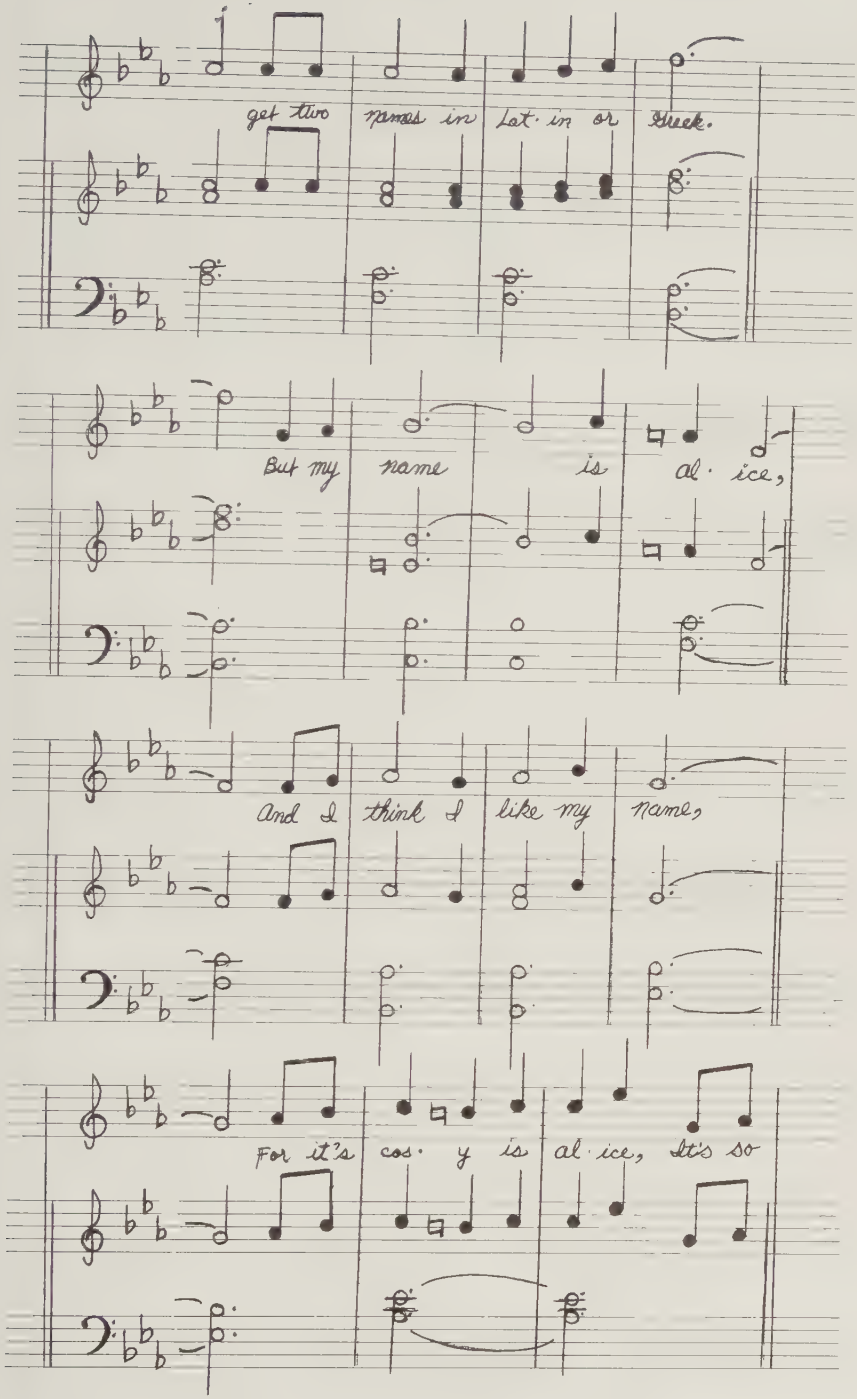

twirl a bout Al ice,
And
know
that
Al ice is your
name.

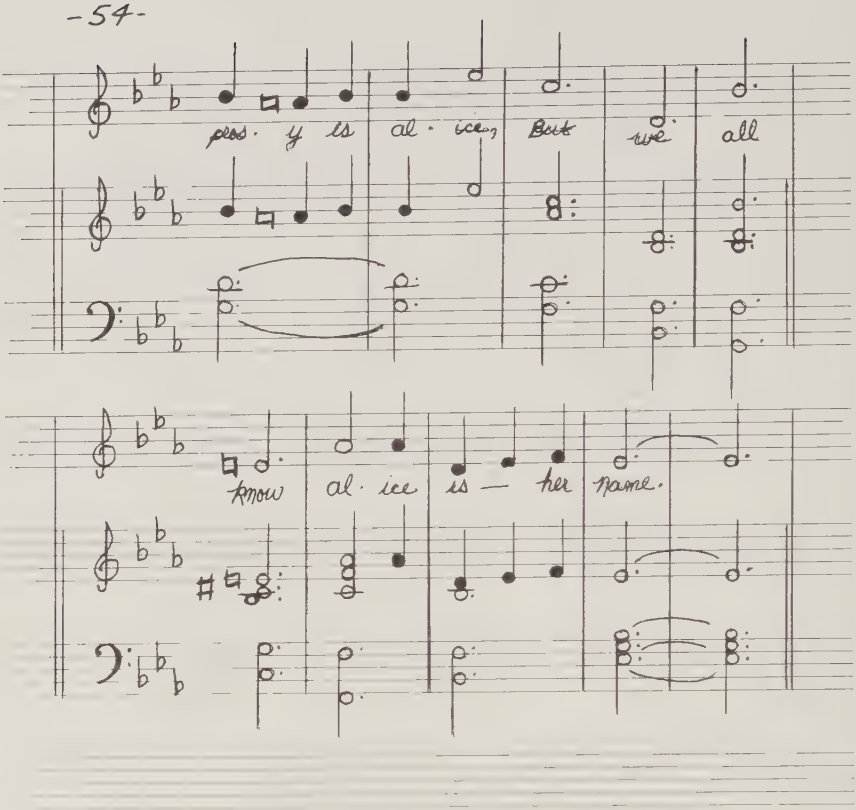
My Name is Alice

Tempo di valse - non troppo presto



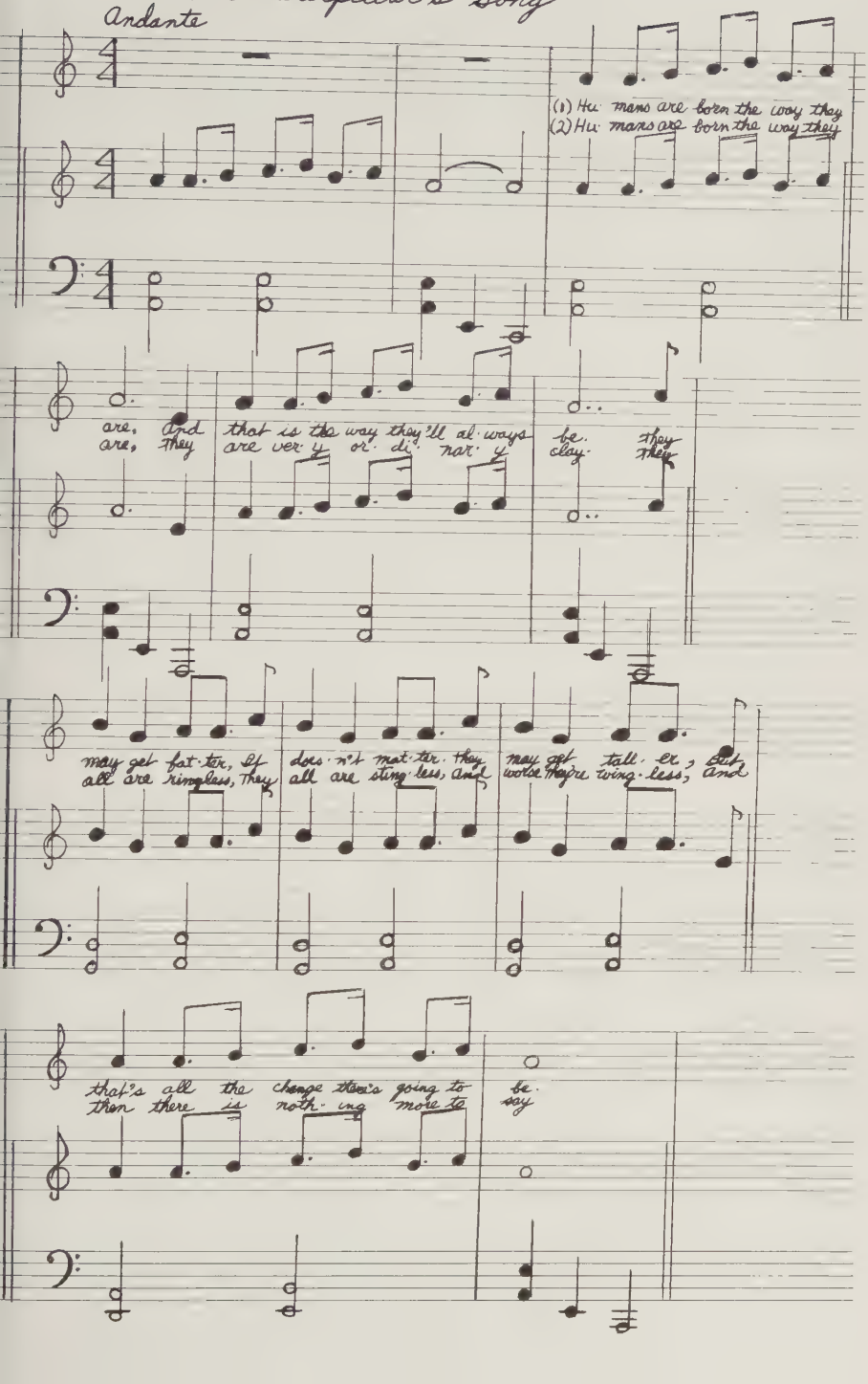

nev·er con·sid·ered; It's just my name.
Singular names are ver·y well, But they are in·con·
clu·sive. I should add an oth·er one to make it more ex·
clu·sive, For in·sects be·fore they can speak

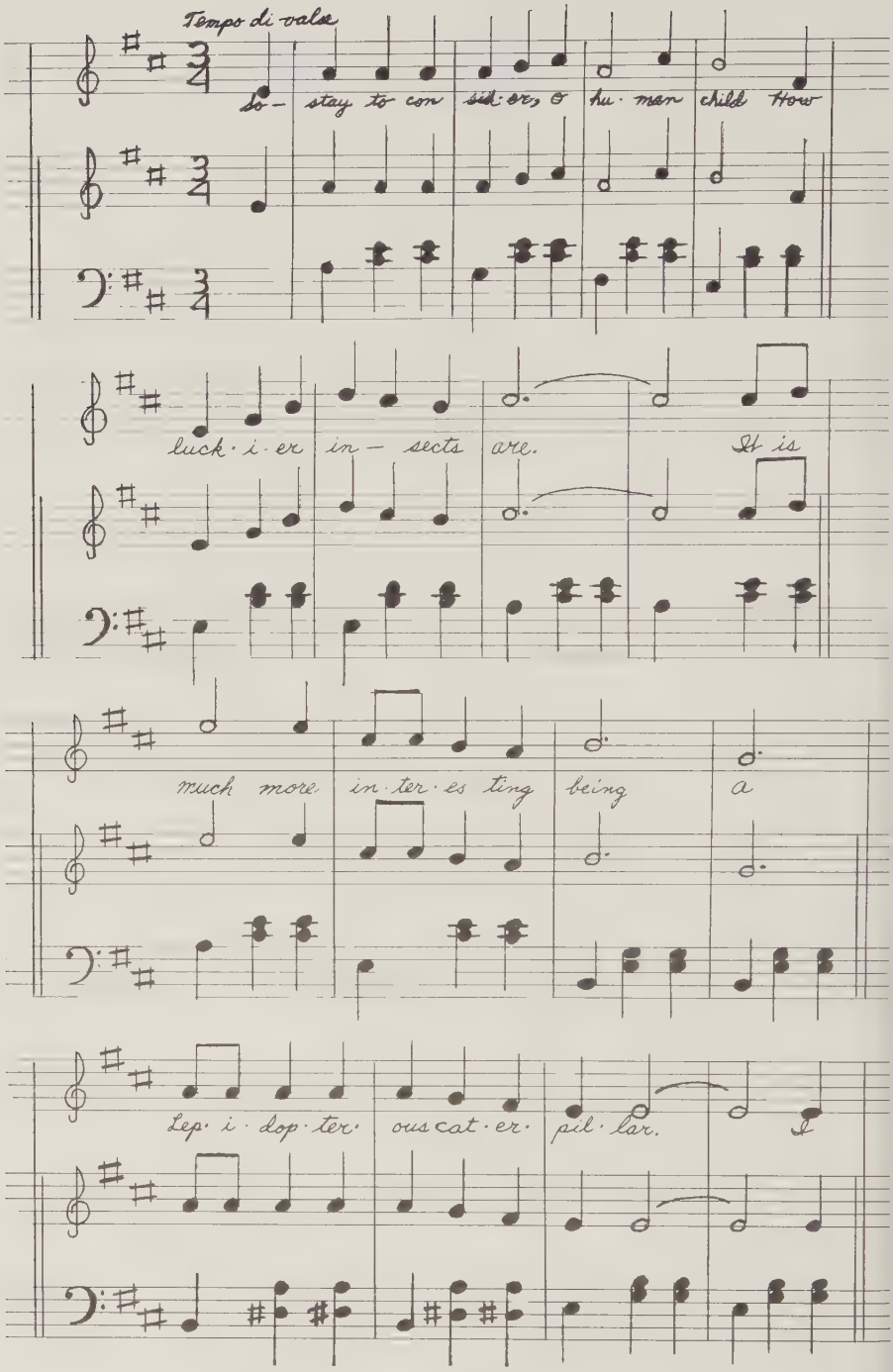

get two names in Lat. in or Greek.
But my name is al. ice,
And I think I like my name,
For it's cos. y is al. ice, It's so

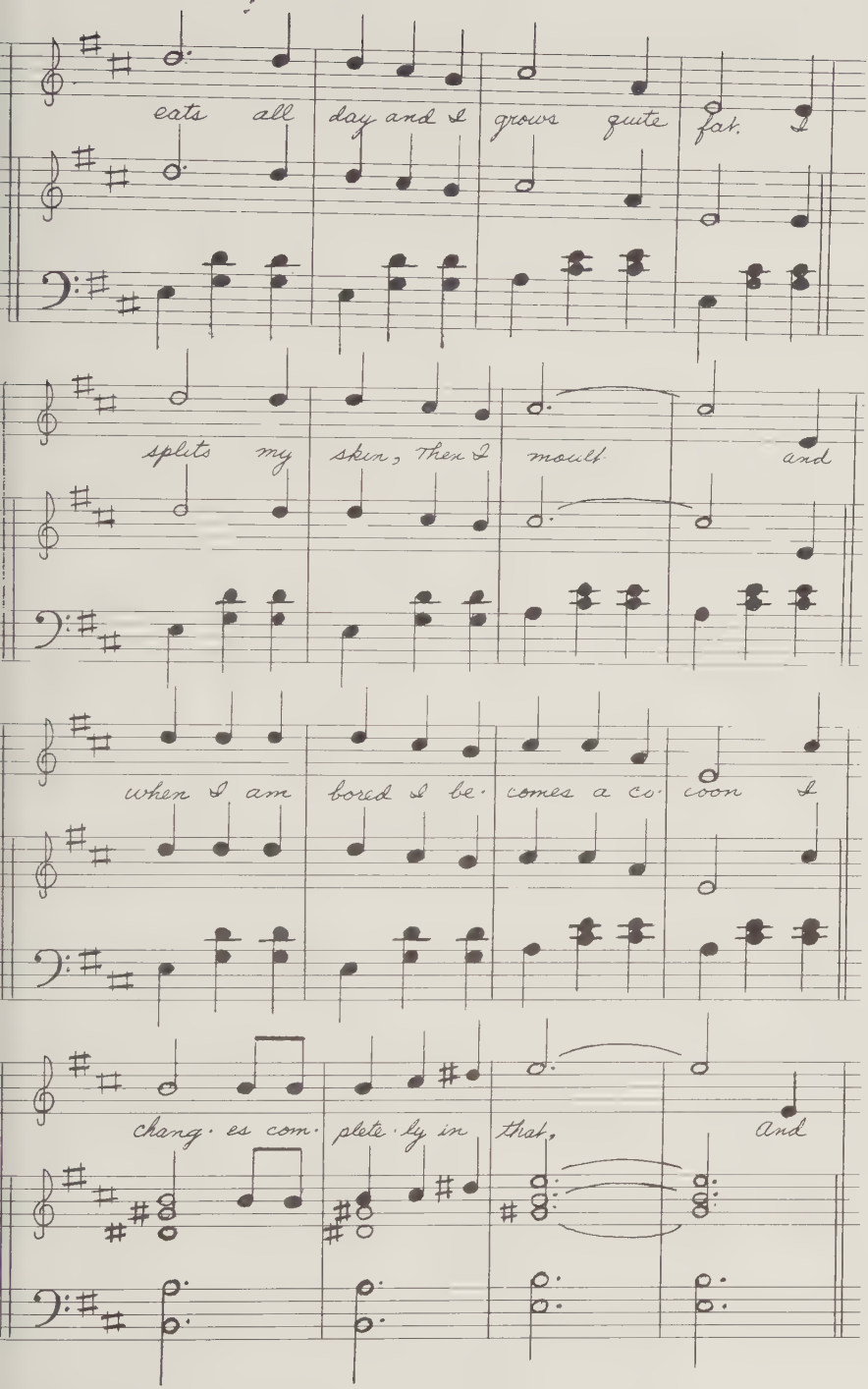

pos. y is al. ice,
But
we
all
know
al. ice
is — her
name.

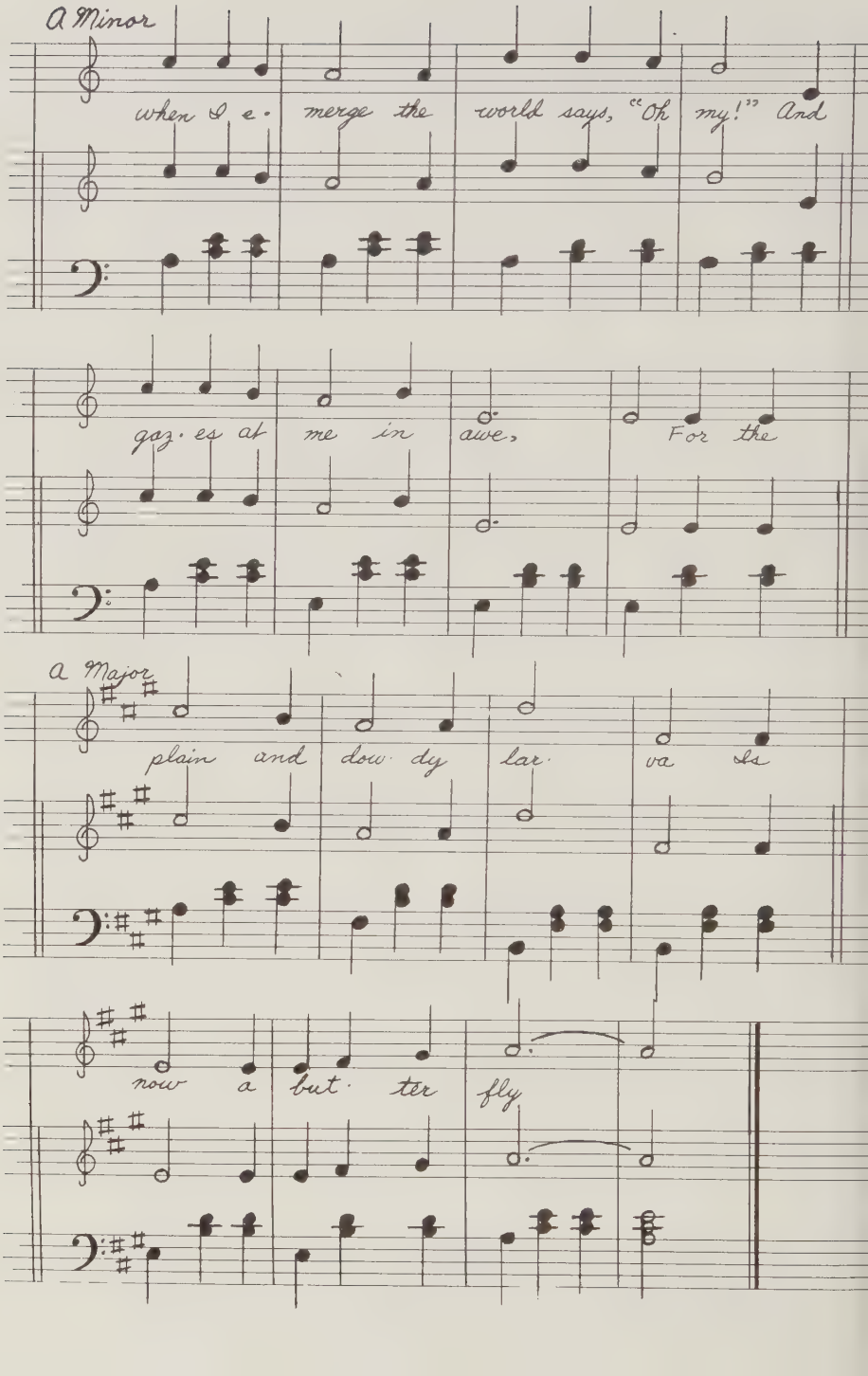
The Caterpillar's Song

Andante

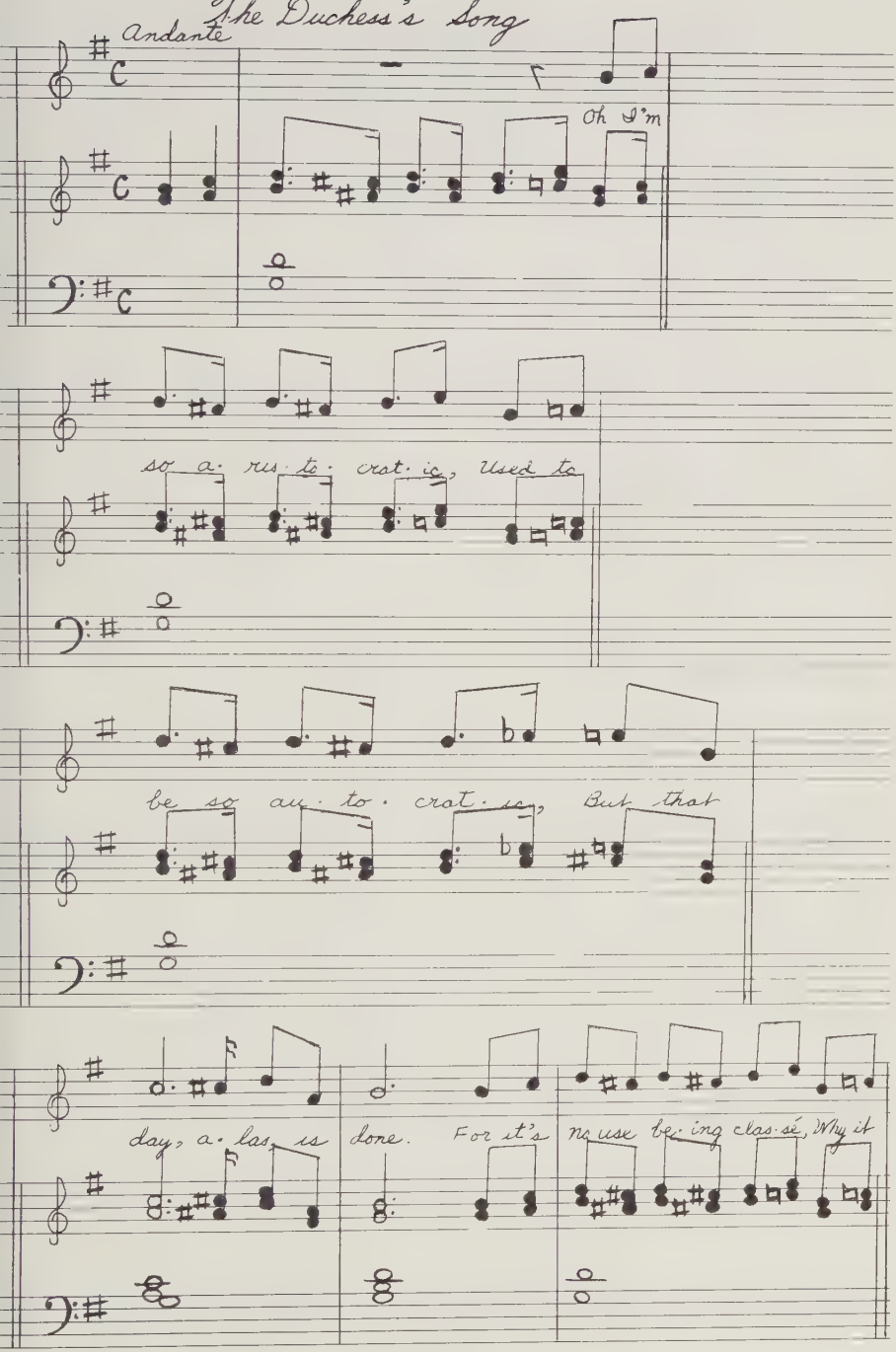


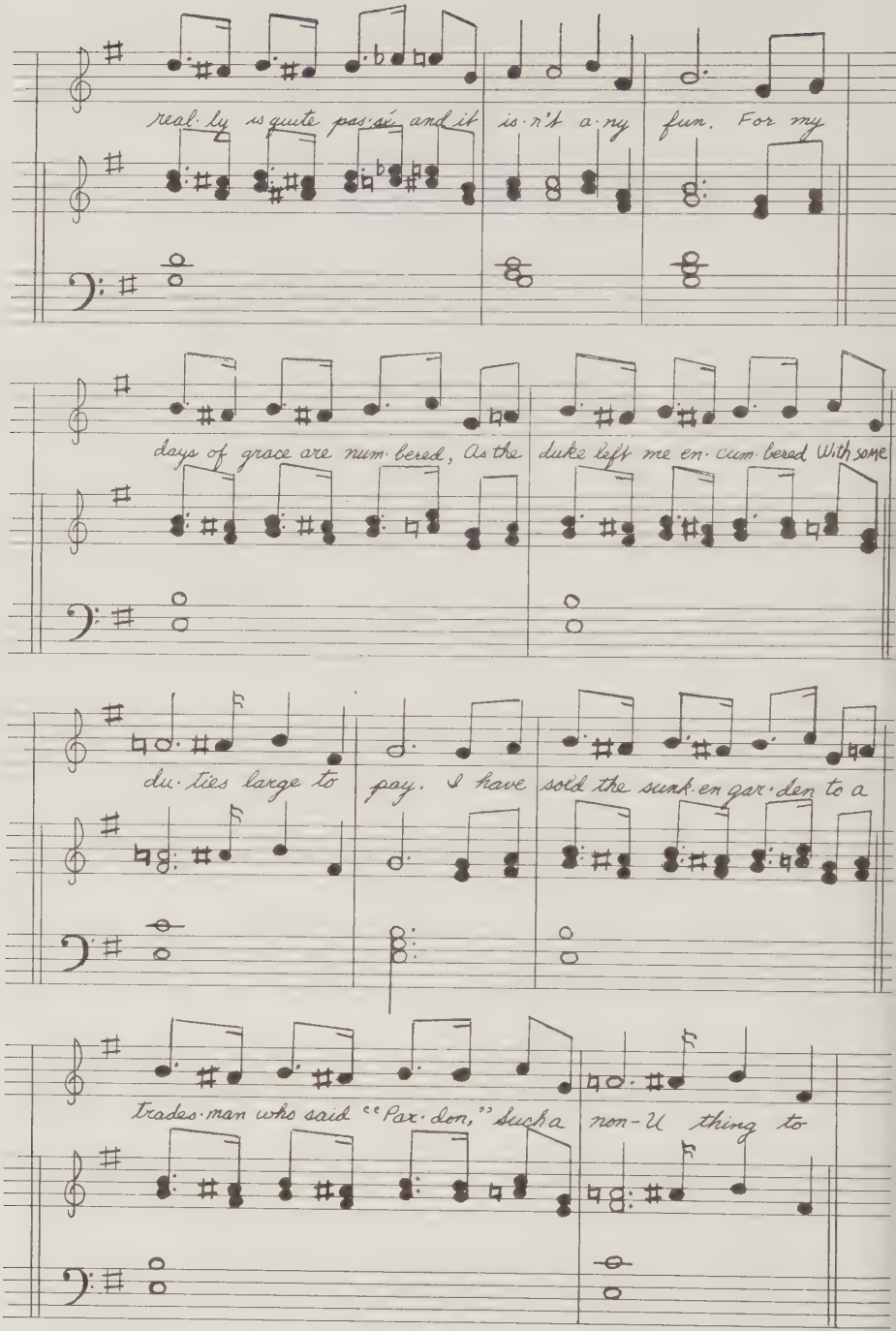

Tempo di valse
So - stay to con sid: er, O hu · man child How
luck · i · er in - sects are. It is
much more in · ter · es ting being a
Lep · i · dop · ter · ous cat · er · pil · lar. I

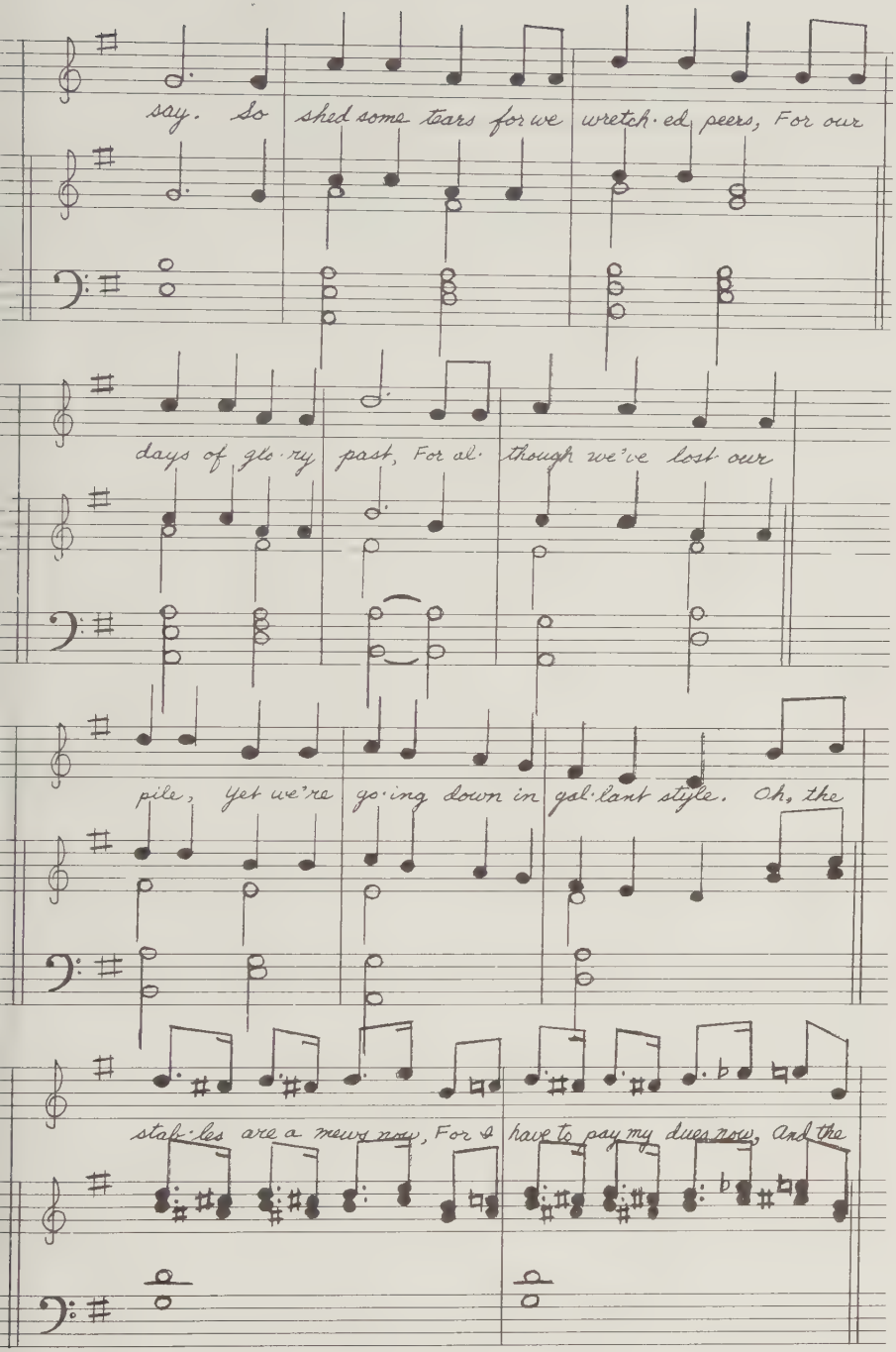

eats all day and I grows quite fat. I
splits my skin, then I moult and
when I am bored I be· comes a co· coon I
chang· es com· plete· ly in that, and

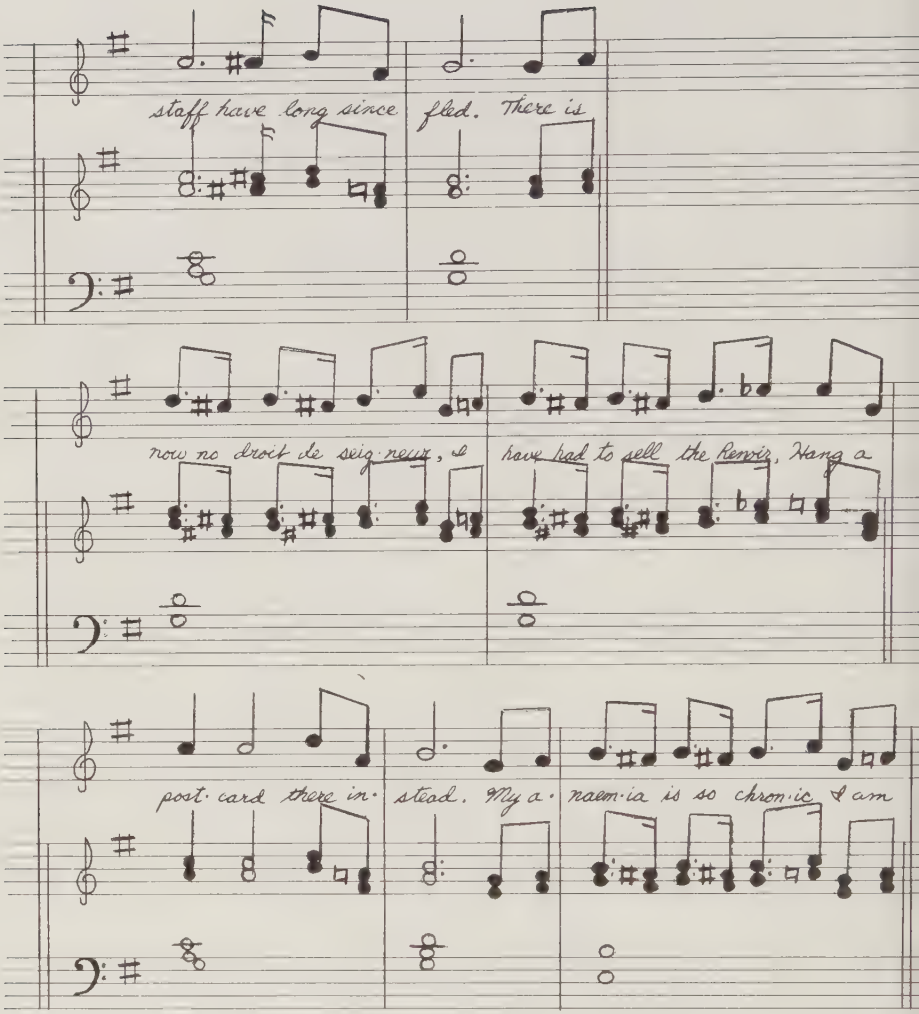

a Minor
when I e- merge the world says, "Oh my!" And
gaz- es at me in awe, For the
a Major
plain and dow- dy lar- va is
now a but- ter fly

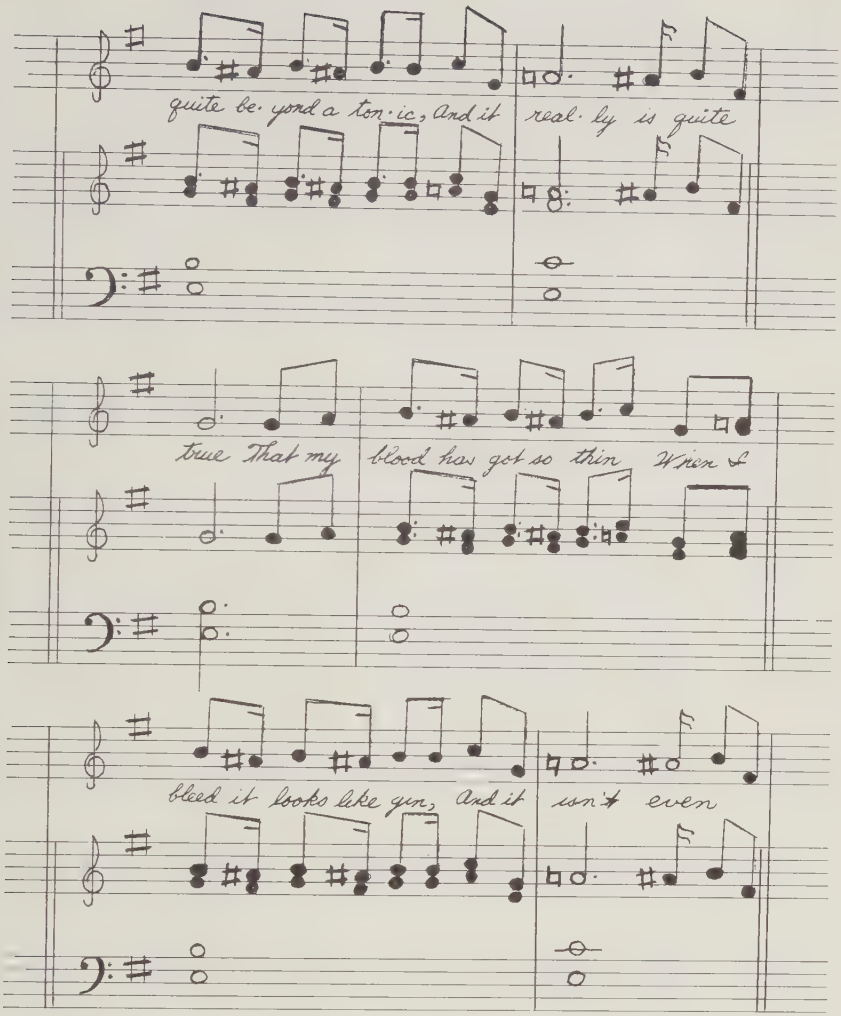
The Duchess's Song

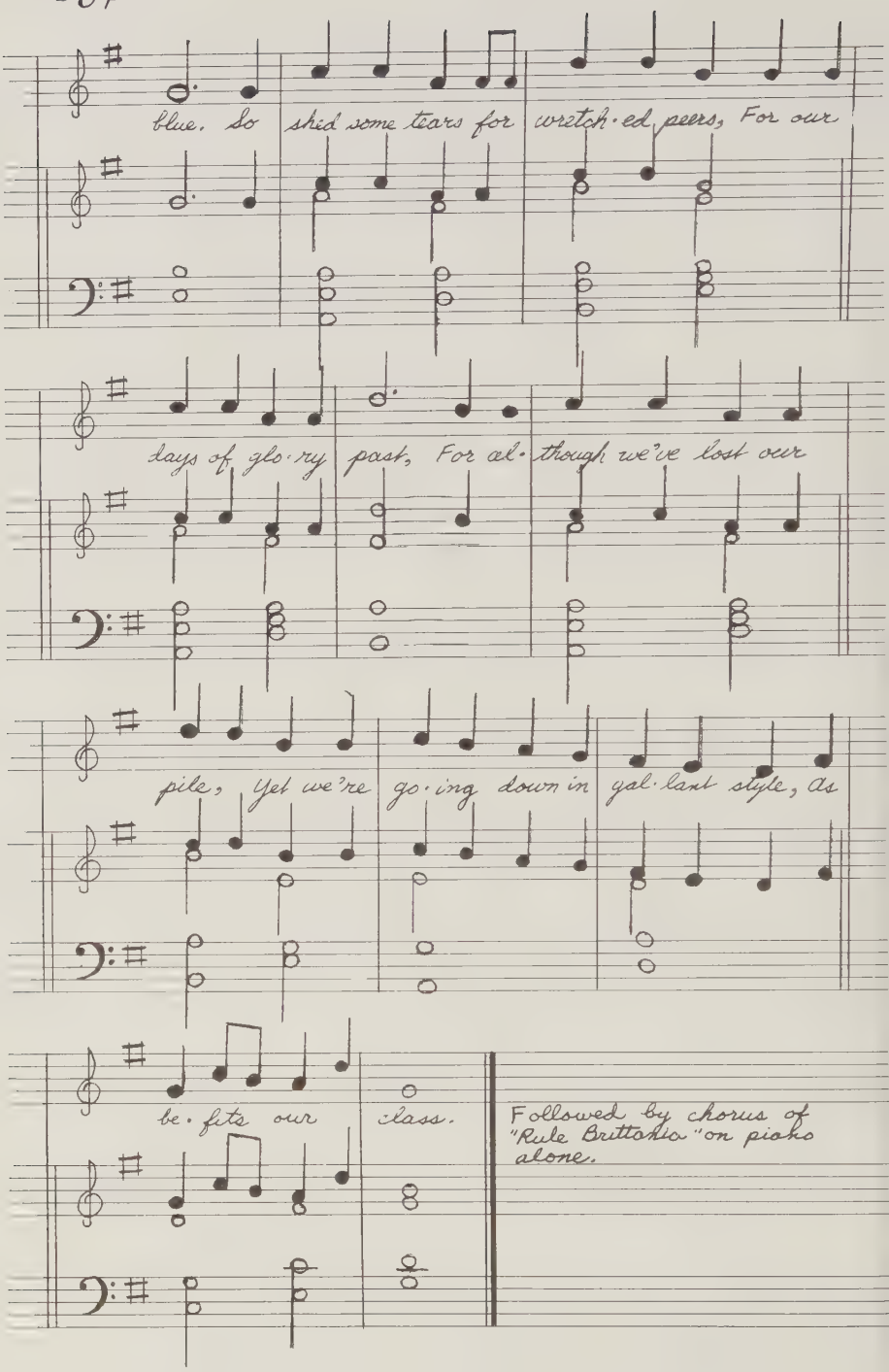



real·ly is quite pas·sé and it is·n't a·ny fun. For my
days of grace are num·bered, As the duke left me en·cum·bered With some
du·ties large to pay. I have sold the sunk·en gar·den to a
trades·man who said "Par·don," Such a non-U thing to


say. So shed some tears for we wretch·ed peers, For our
days of glo·ry past, For al· though we've lost our
pile, yet we're go·ing down in gal·lant style. Oh, the
stab·les are a mews sight, For I have to pay my dues now, And the

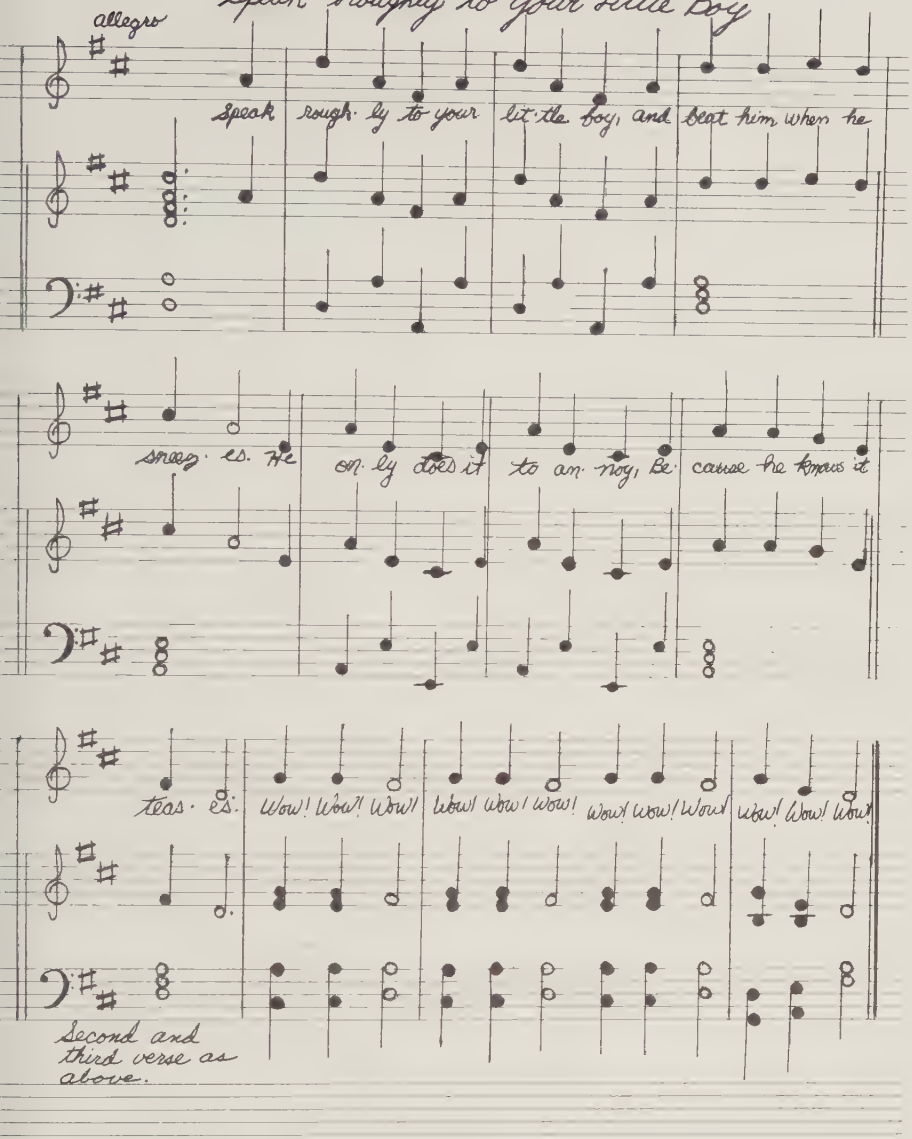

staff have long since fled. There is
now no droit de seig·neur, & have had to sell the Renoir. Hang a
post·card there in· stead. My a· naem·ia is so chron·ic I am


quite be·yond a ton·ic, And it real·ly is quite
true That my blood has got so thin When I
bleed it looks like gin, And it isn't even



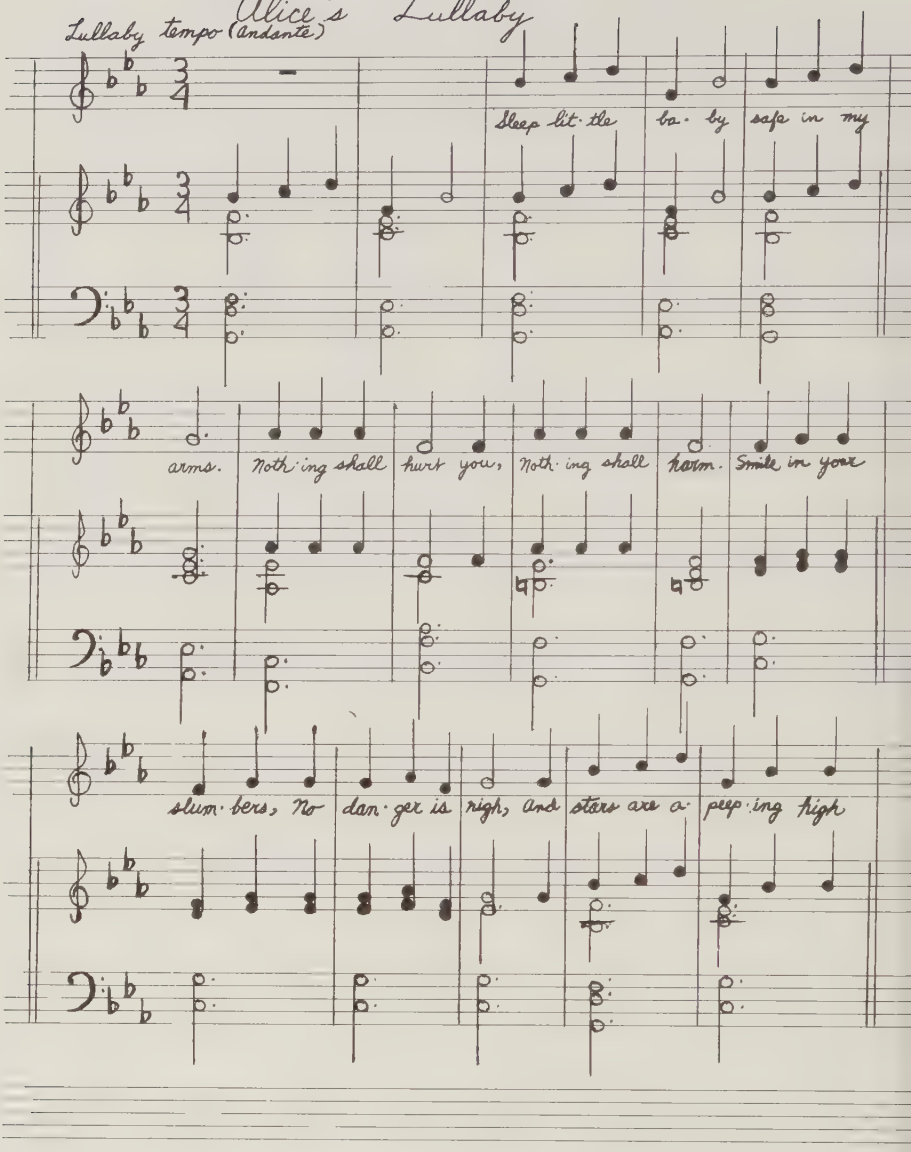
Followed by chorus of "Rule Brittania" on piano alone.

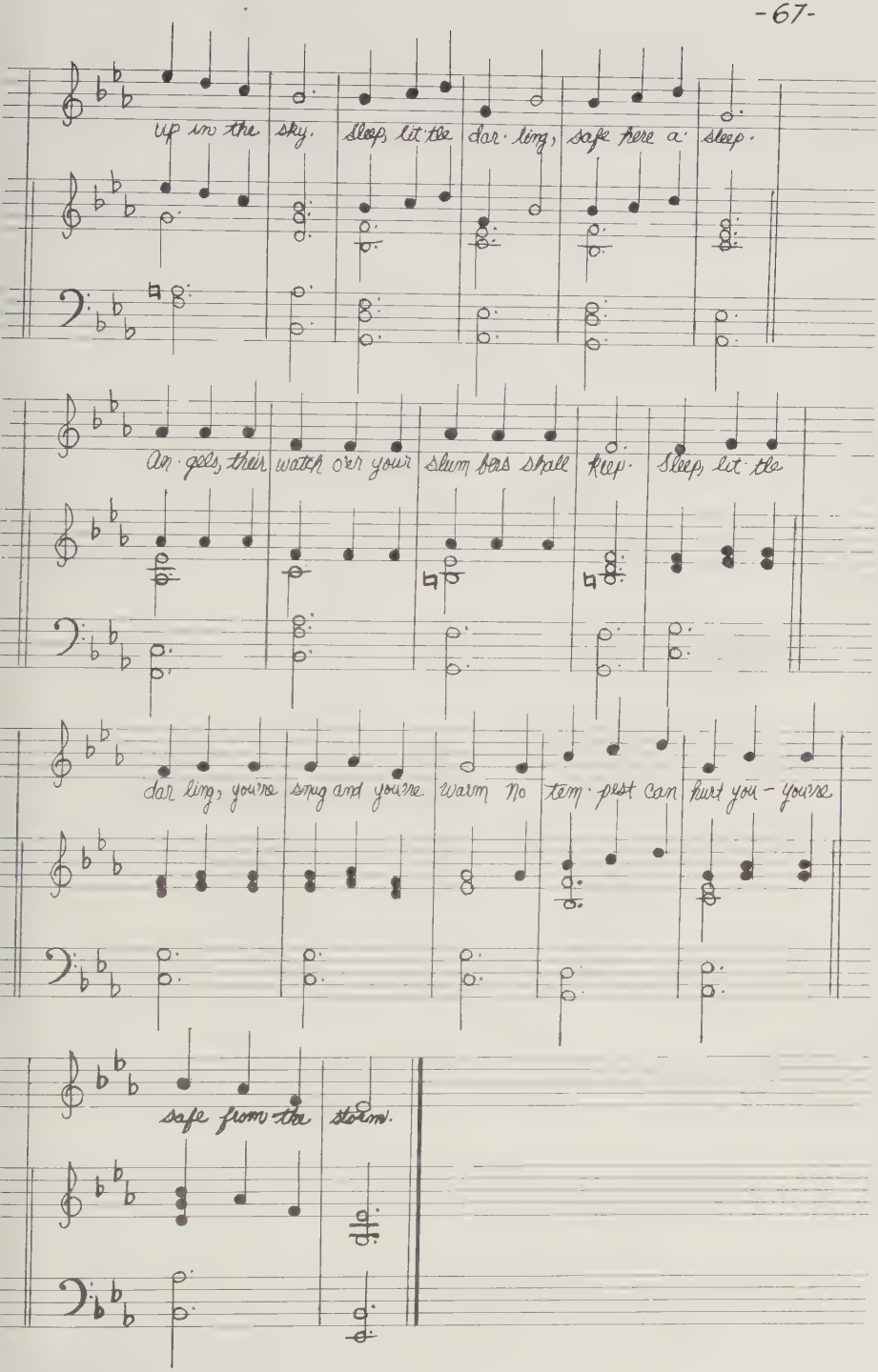
Speak Roughly to Your Little Boy



Alice's Lullaby

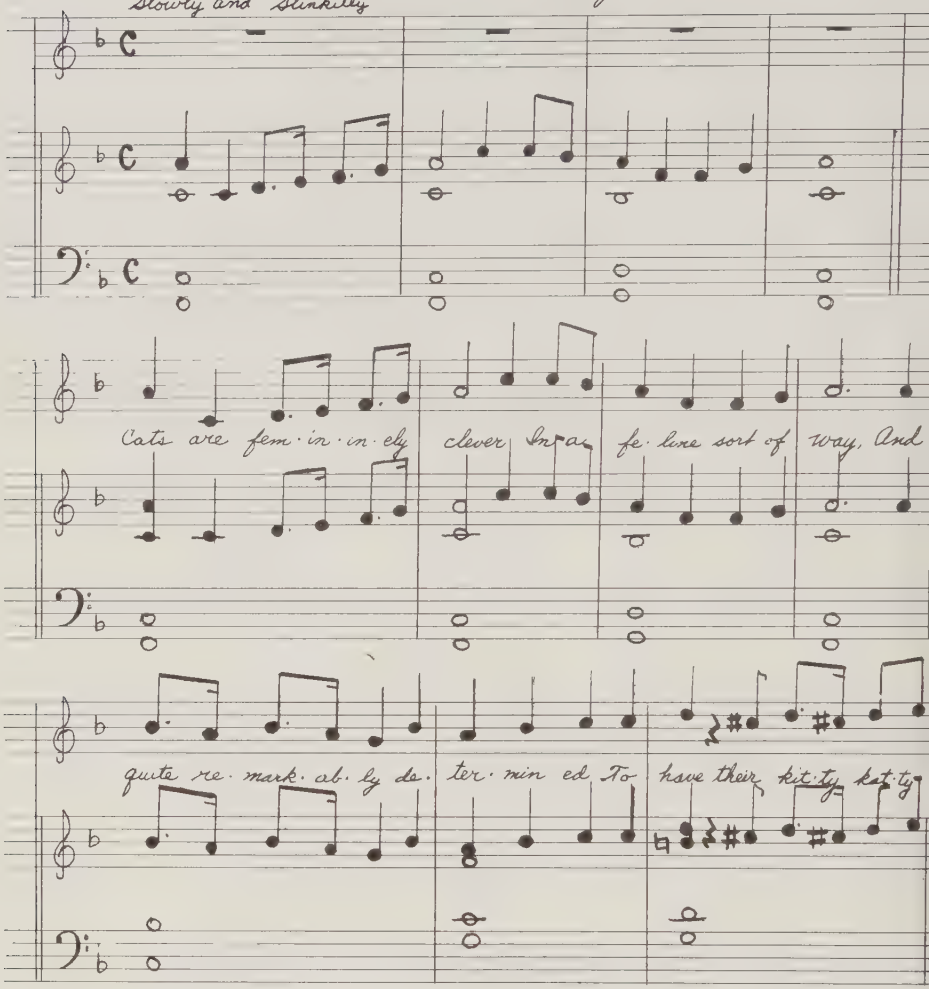
Lullaby tempo (andante)

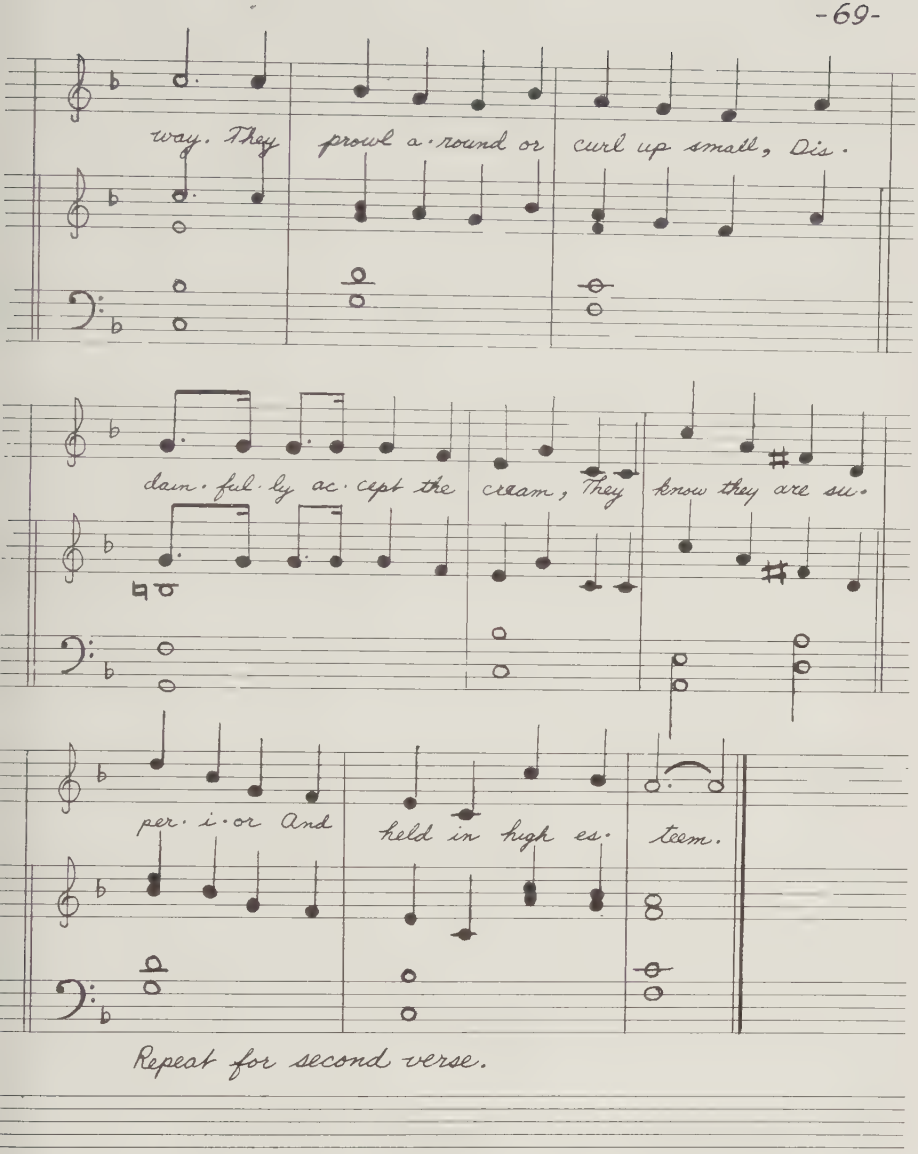



up in the sky. Sleep, lit-tle dar-ling, safe here a-sleep.
An-gels, their watch o'er your slum-bers shall keep. Sleep, lit-tle
dar-ling, you're snug and you're warm no tem-pest can hurt you - you're
safe from the storm.

The Cat's Song

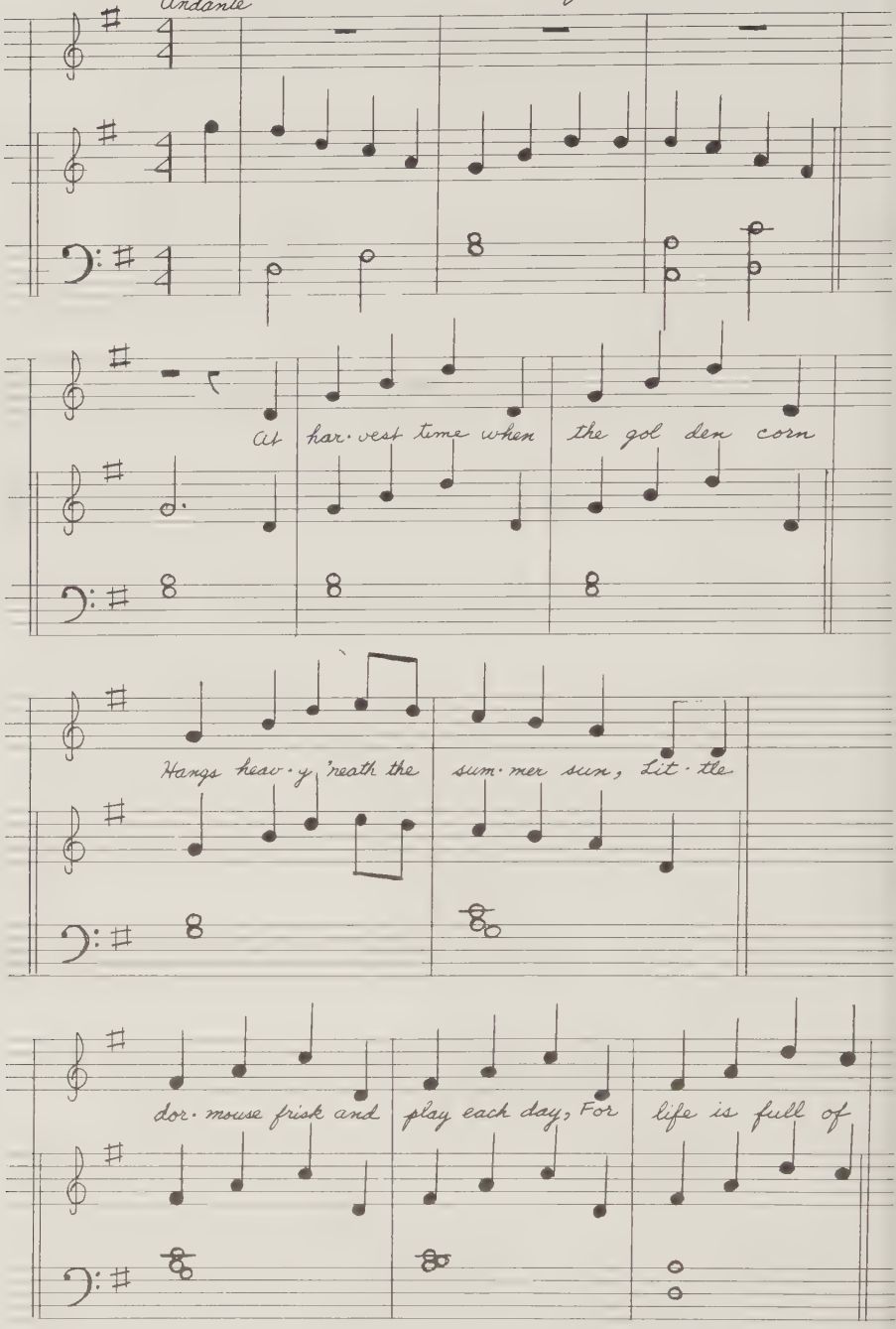
Slowly and "Slinkilly"

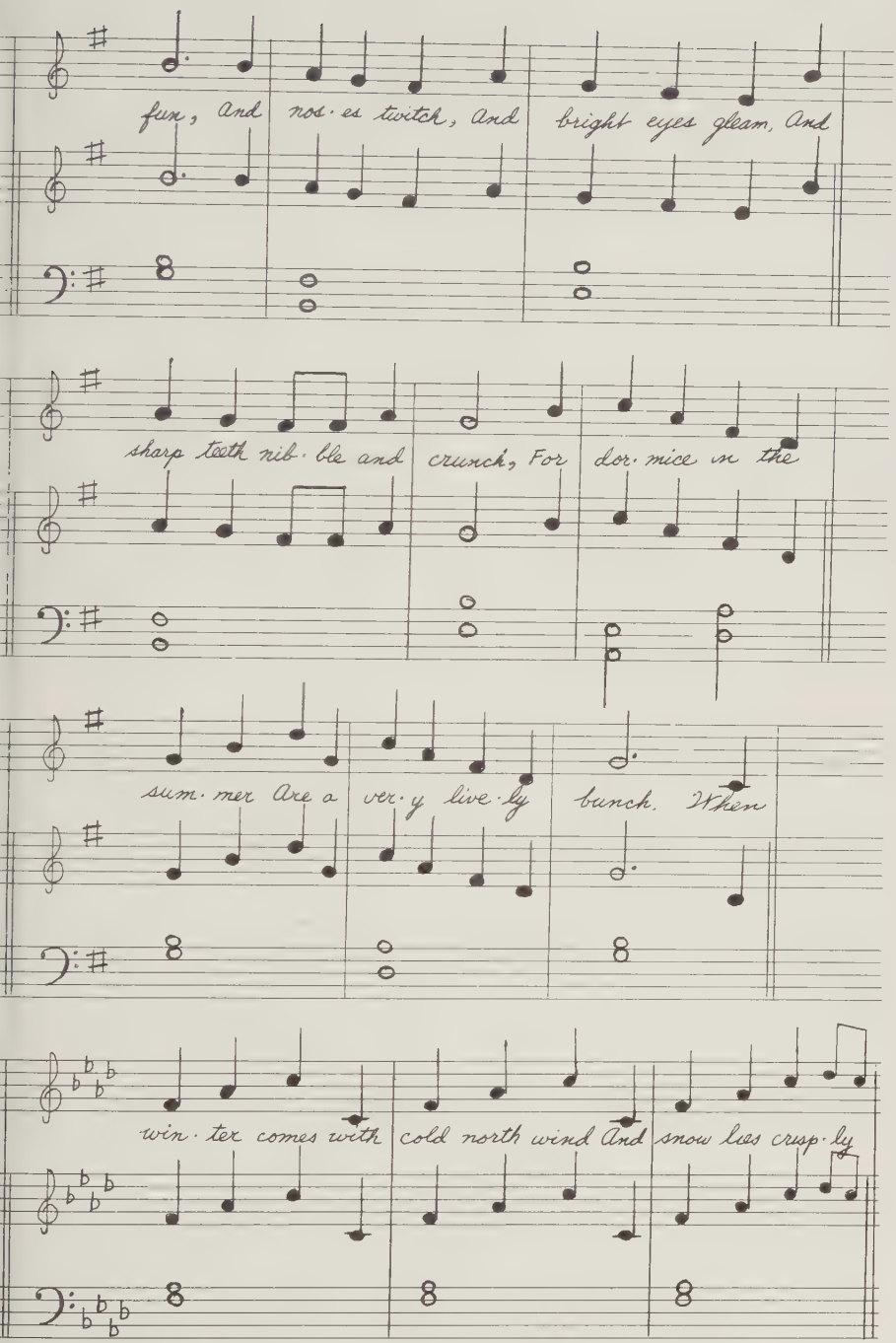


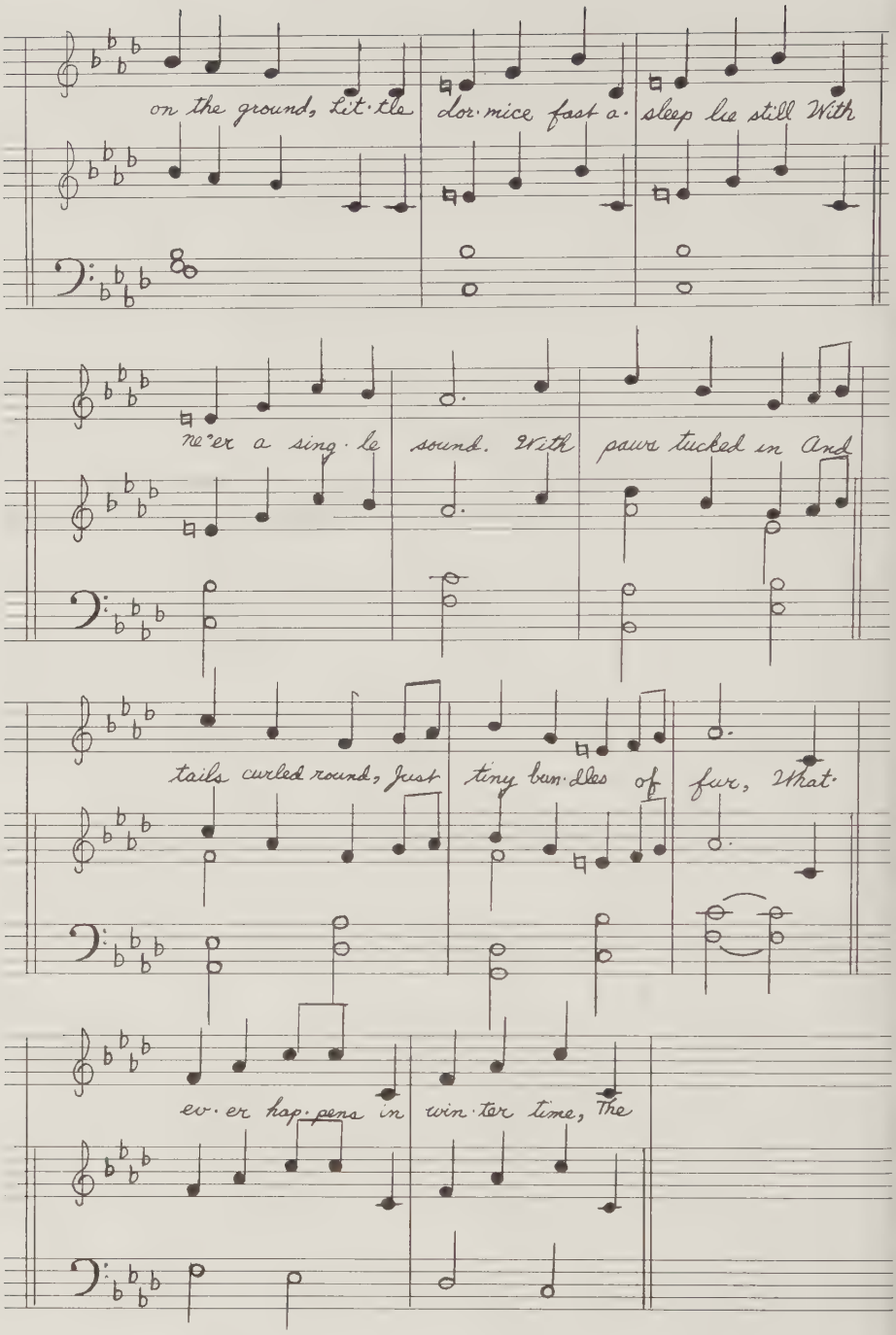


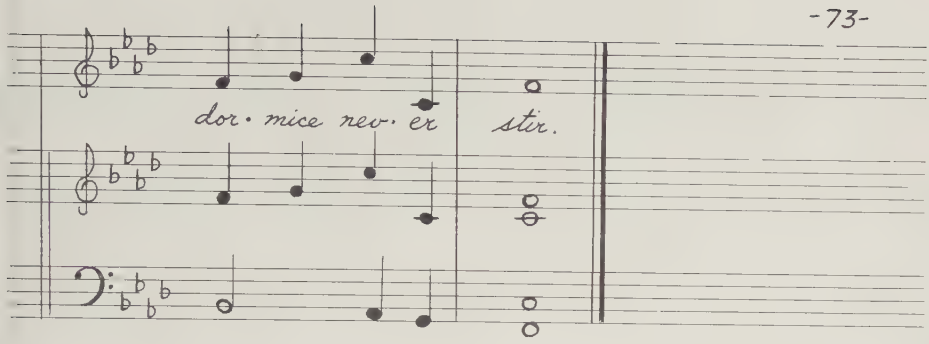
Repeat for second verse.

The Dormouse's Song

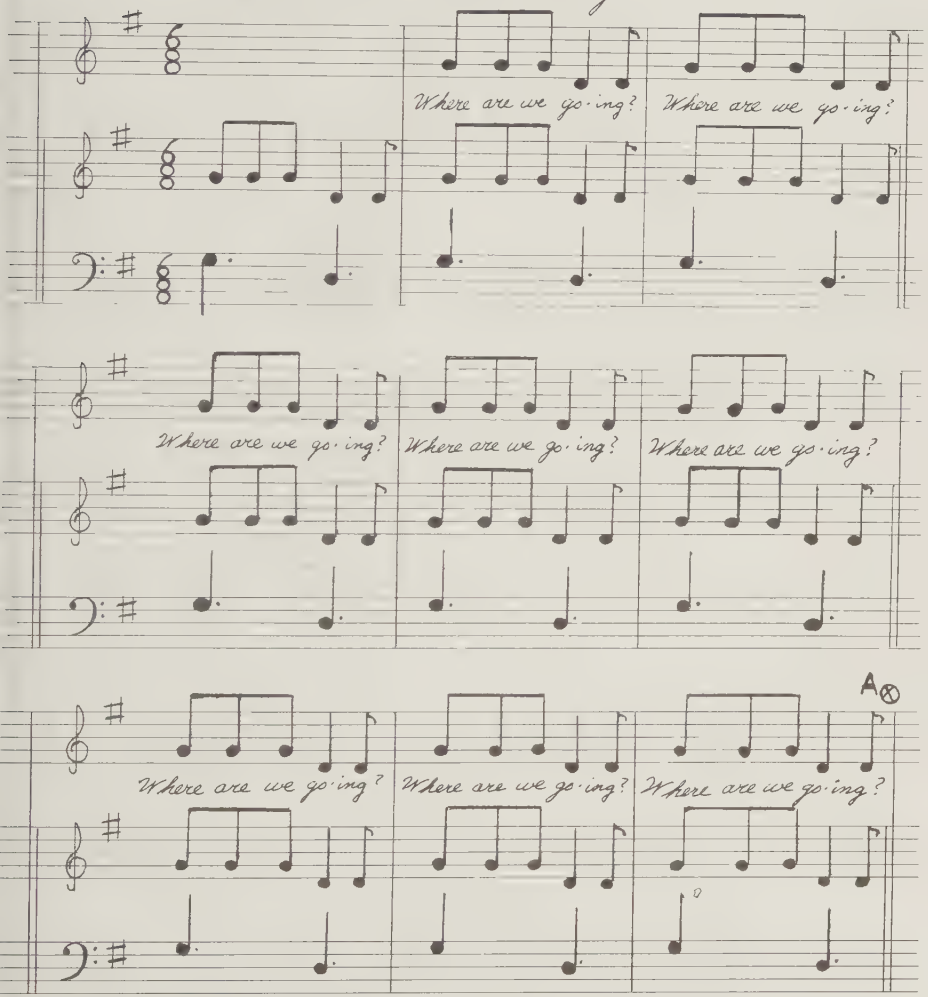


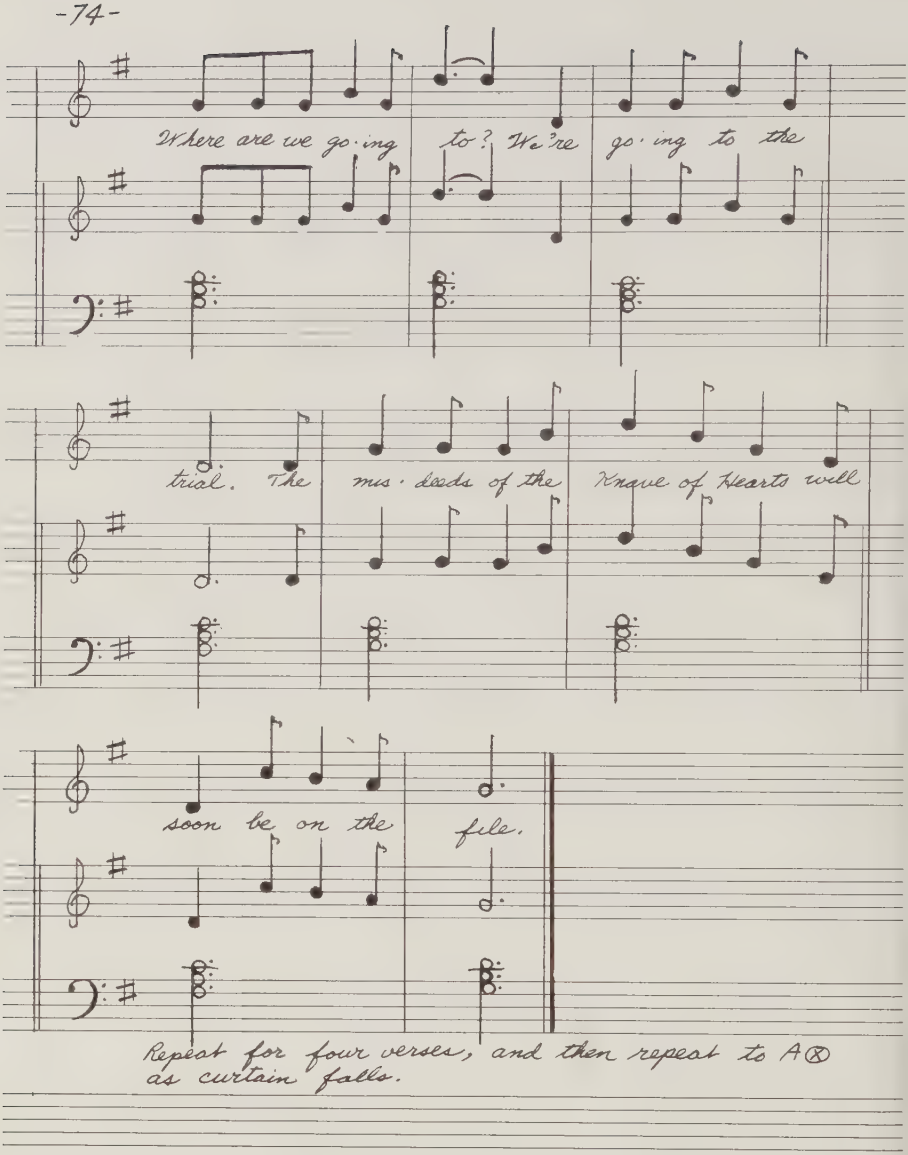

fun, And nos·es twitch, And bright eyes gleam, And
sharp teeth nib·ble and crunch, For dor·mice in the
sum·mer Are a ver·y live·ly bunch. When
win·ter comes with cold north wind And snow lies crisp·ly


on the ground, lit·tle dor·mice fast a· sleep lie still With
ne·er a sing·le sound. With paws tucked in And
tails curled round, just tiny bun·dles of fur, What·
ev·er hap·pens in win·ter time, The



Where Are We Going?

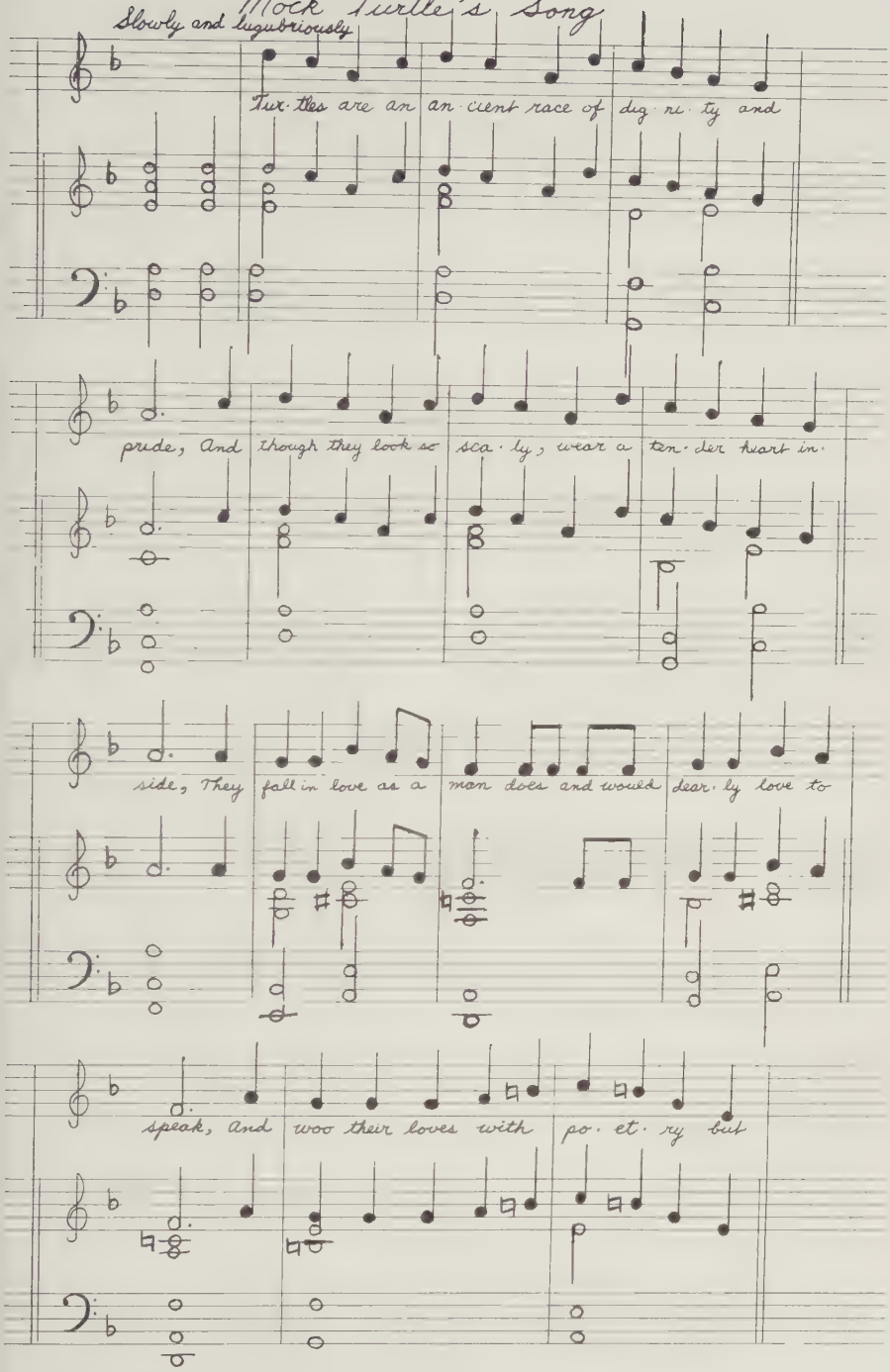


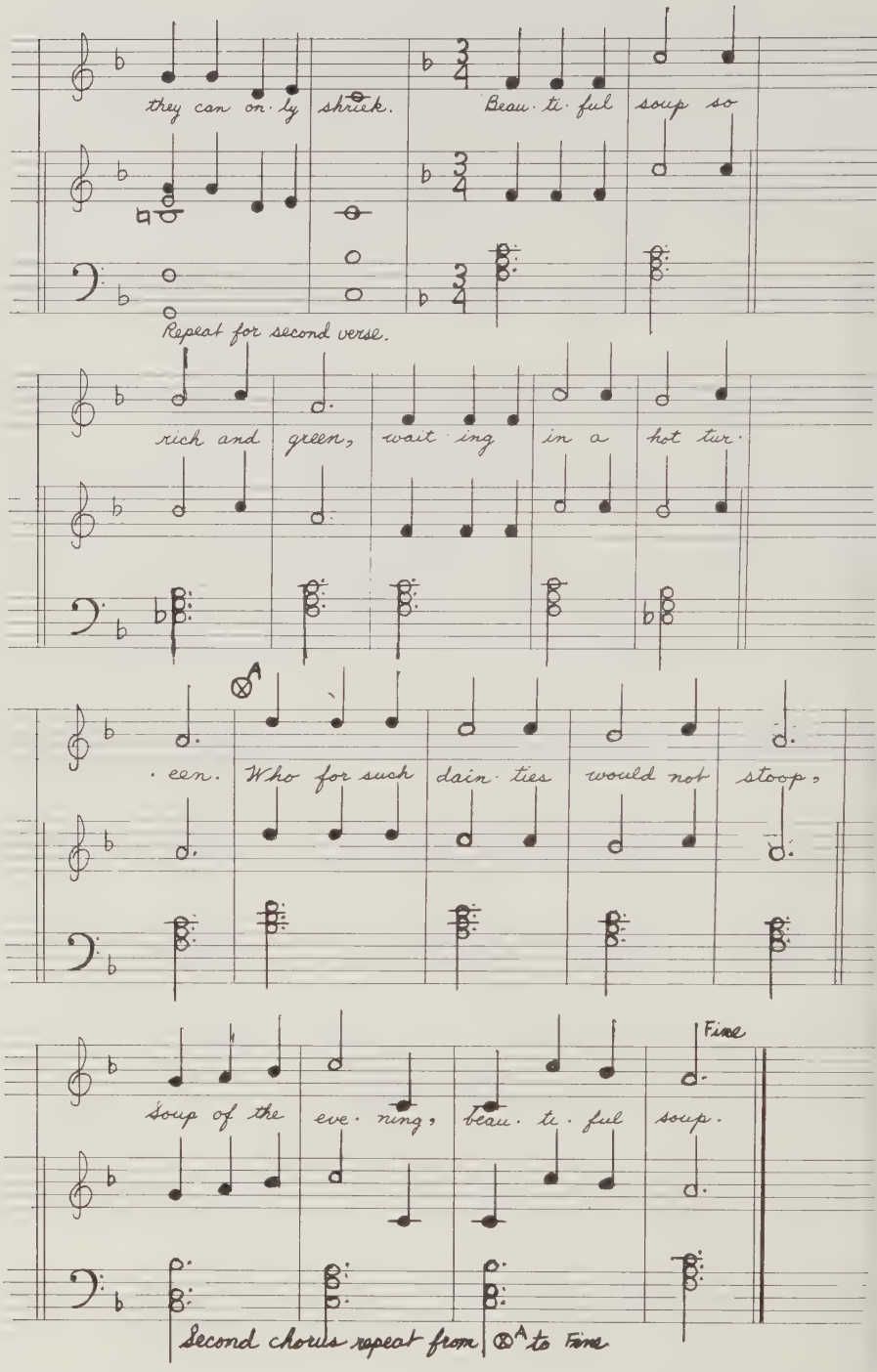


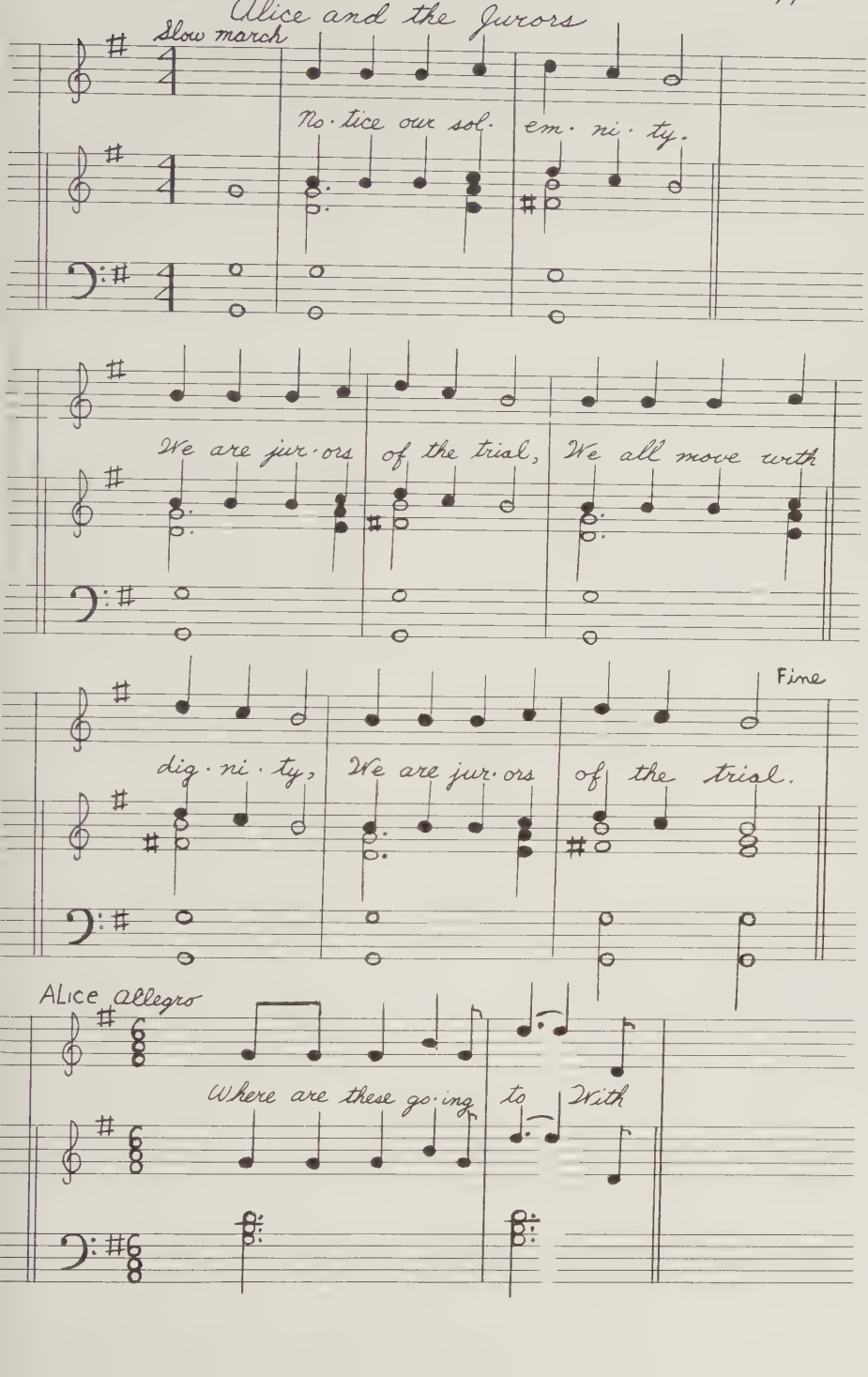
Repeat for four verses, and then repeat to A ⊗ as curtain falls.

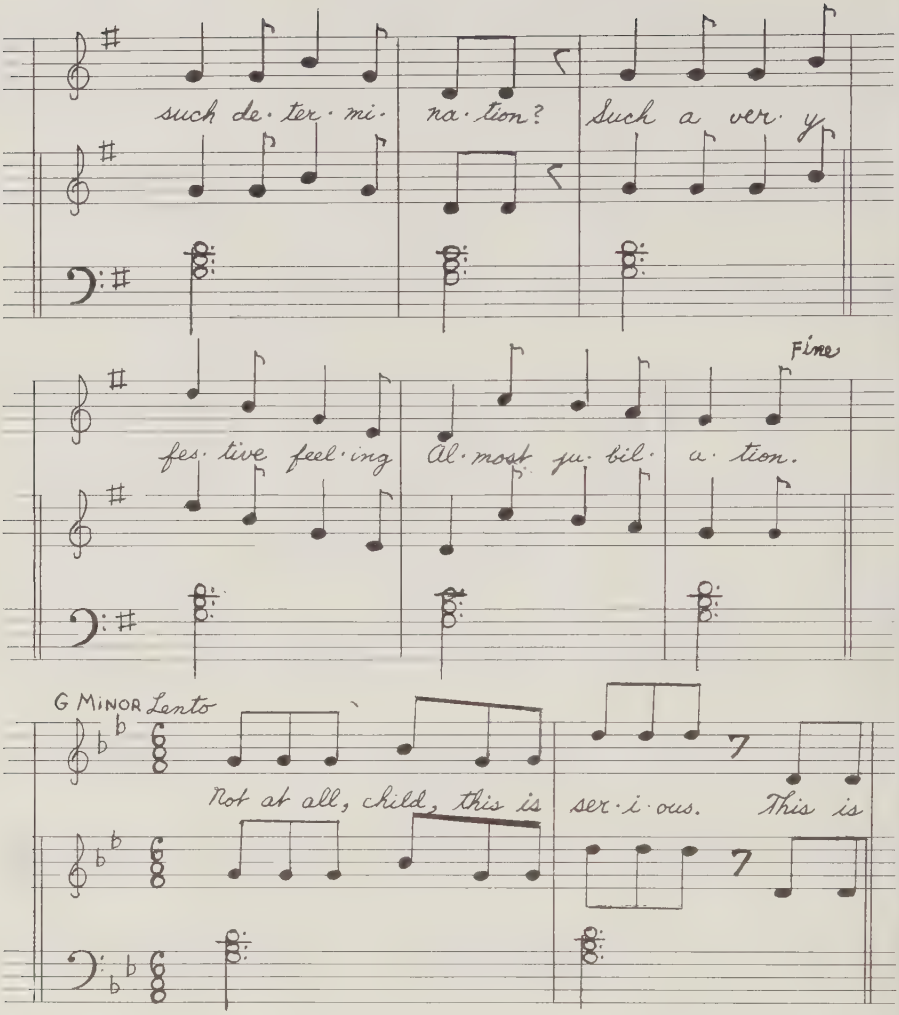
Mock Turtle's Song

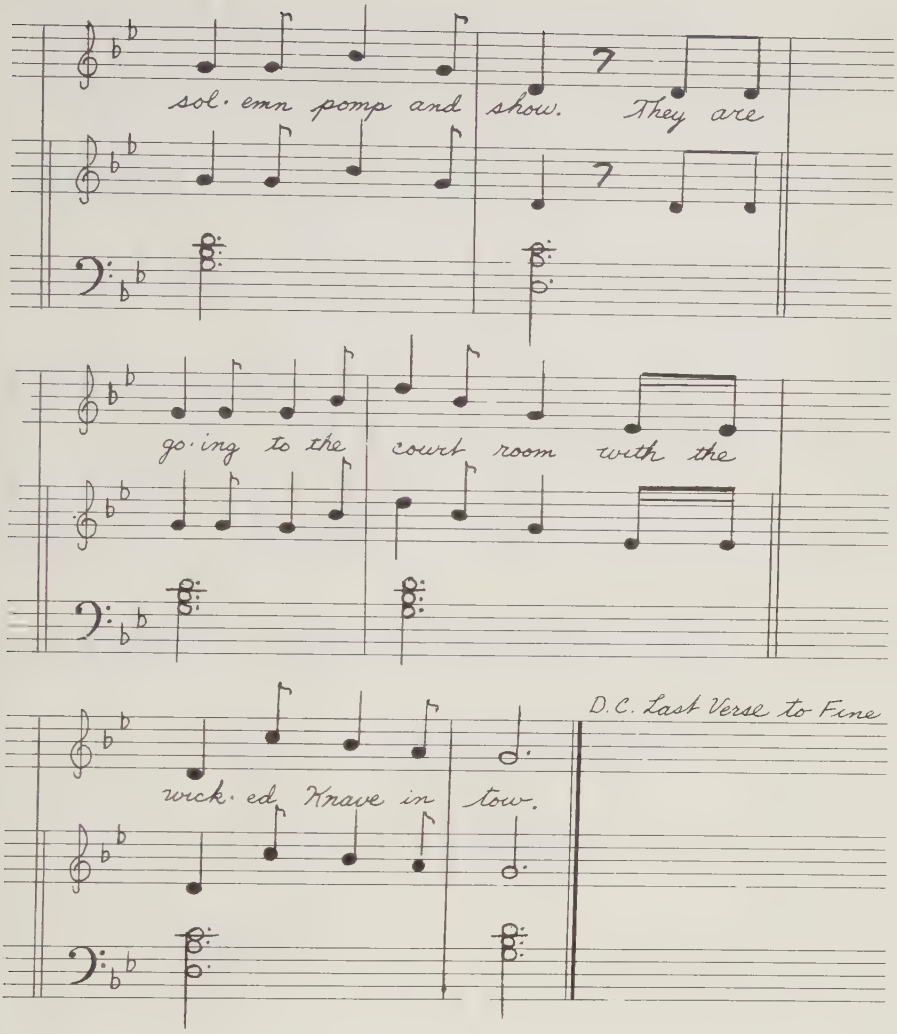
Slowly and lugubriously



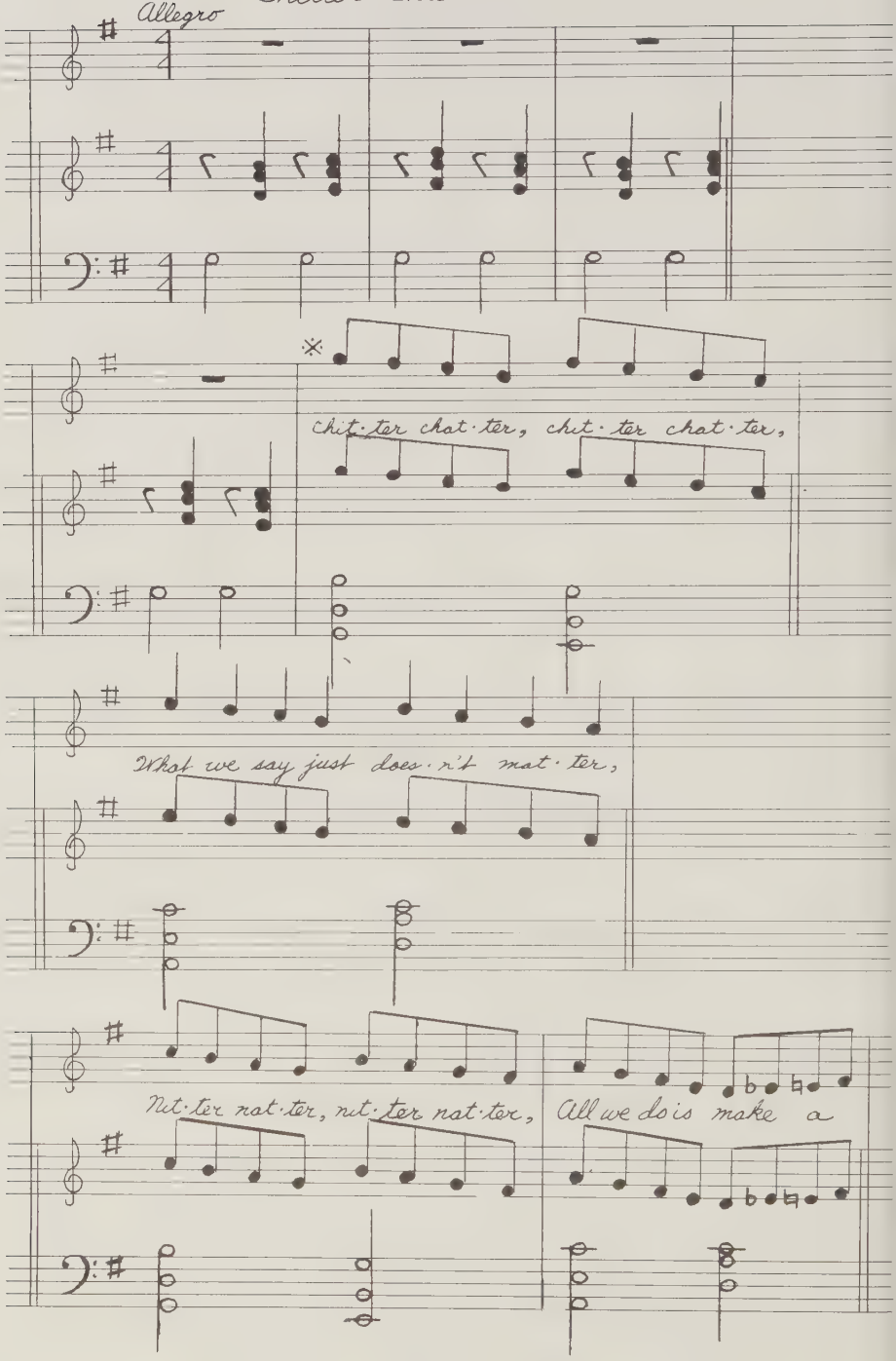

they can on·ly shriek.
Beau·ti·ful soup so
Repeat for second verse.
rich and green, wait·ing in a hot tur·
·een. Who for such dain·ties would not stoop,
Soup of the eve·ning, beau·ti·ful soup.
Fine
Second chorus repeat from ⊗A to Fine

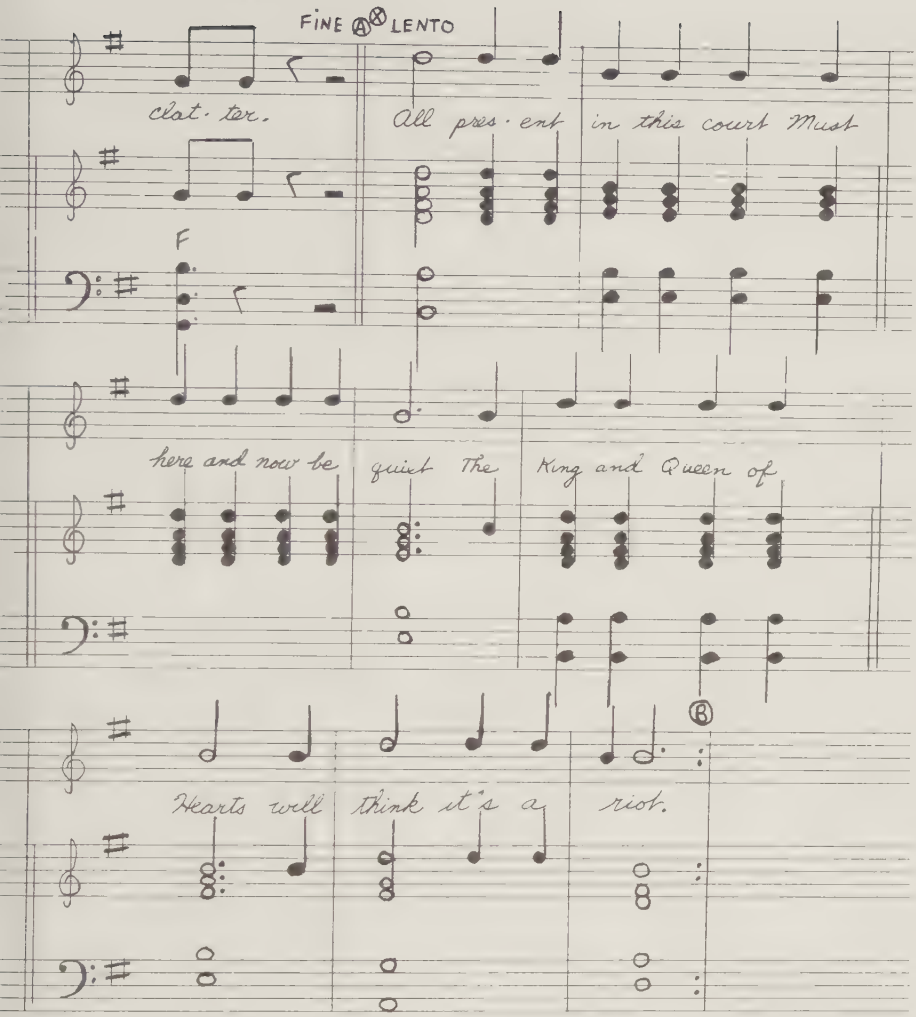

Alice and the Jurors
Slow march
No·tice our sol· em· ni· ty.
We are jur·ors of the trial, We all move with
dig· ni· ty, We are jur·ors of the trial.
Fine
ALice allegro
Where are these go·ing to With


such de·ter·mi· na·tion? Such a ver·y
Fine
fes·tive feel·ing Al·most ju·bil· a·tion.
G MINOR Lento
Not at all, child, this is ser·i·ous. This is


sol·emn pomp and show. They are
go·ing to the court room with the
wick·ed Knave in tow.
D.C. Last Verse to Fine

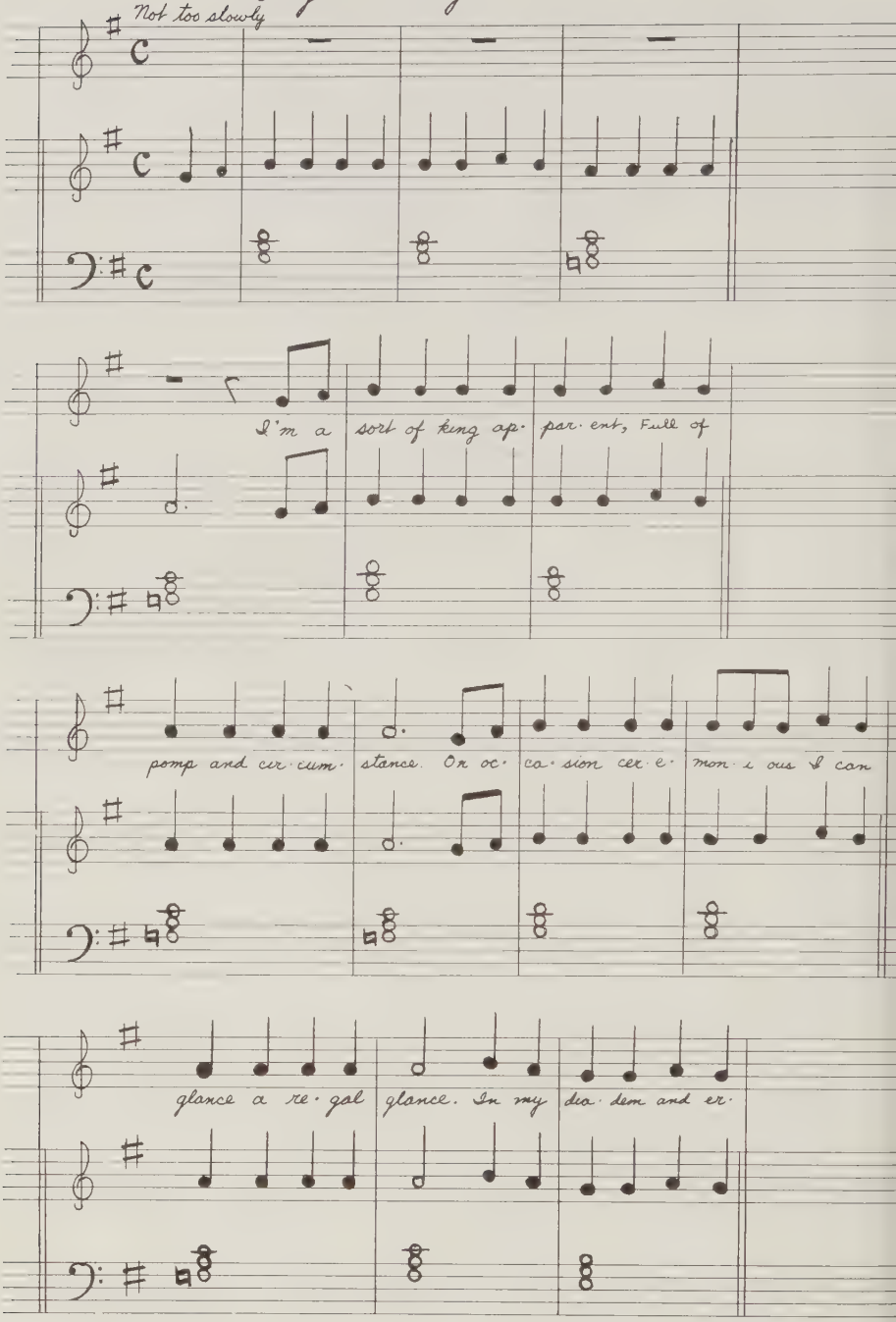
Chitter Chatter

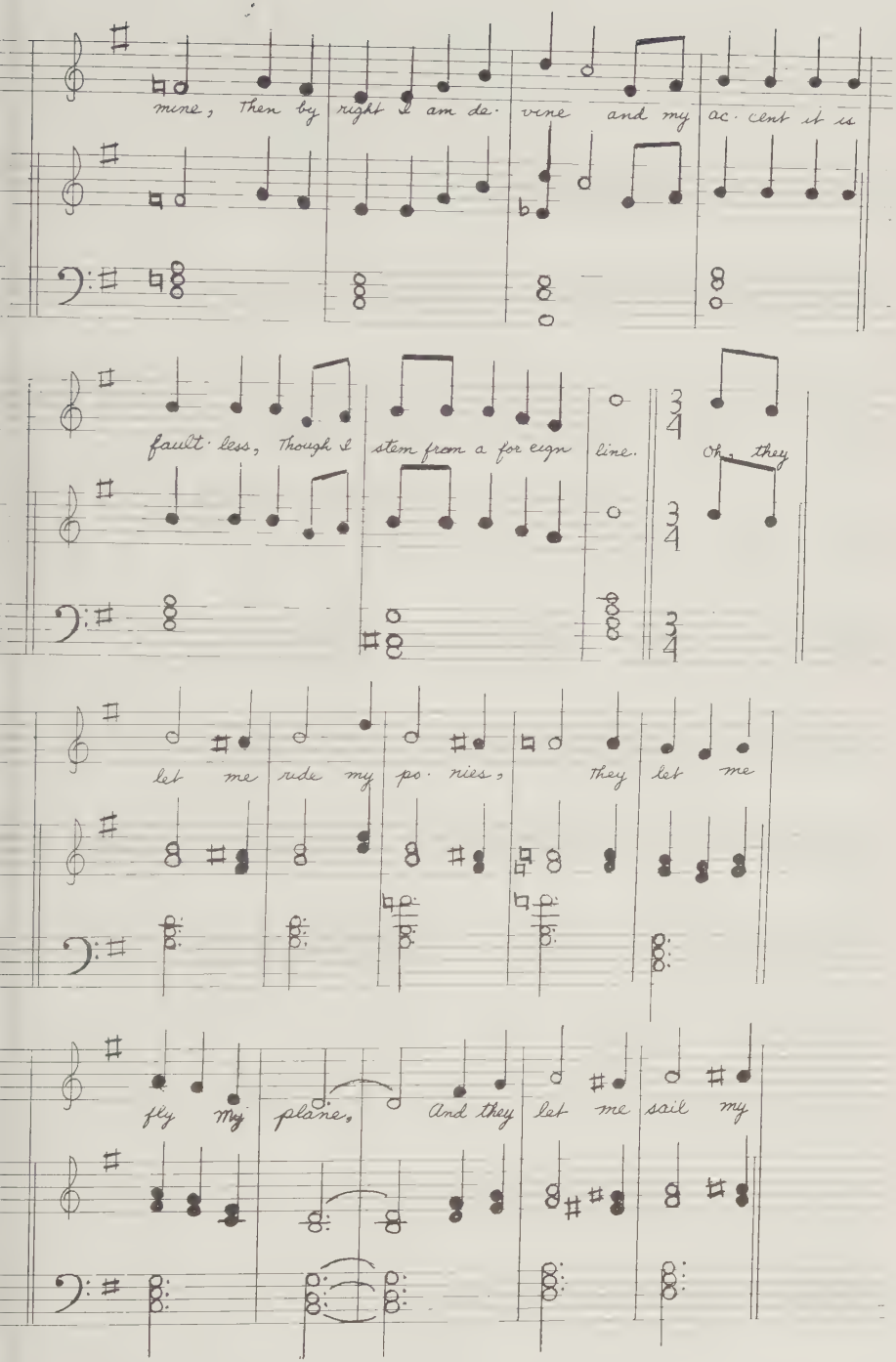


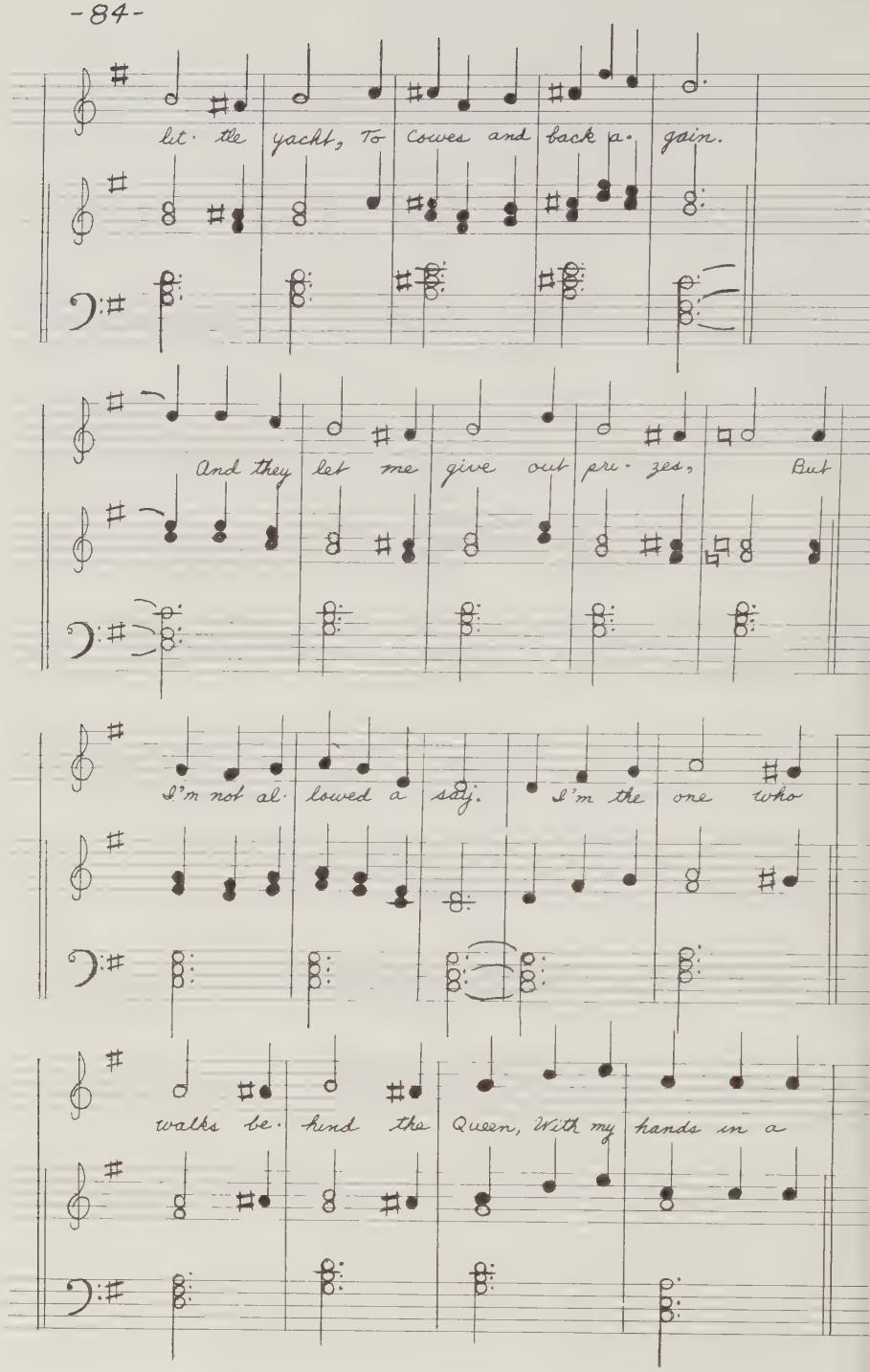


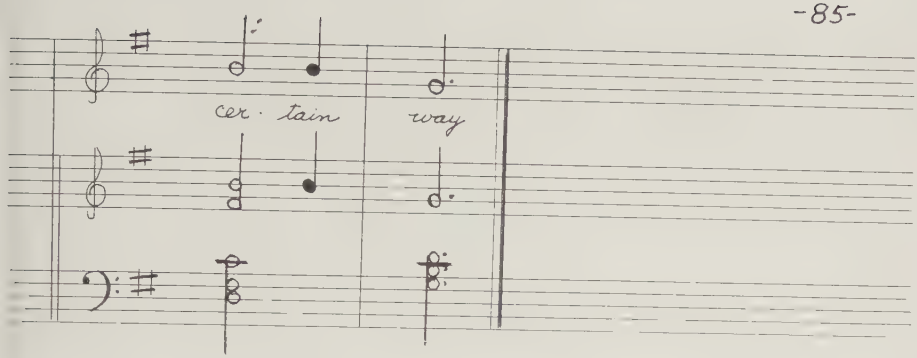
Second "Chatter, Chatter" etc., repeat from ※ to Ⓐ
Second verse (Usher) "All present" etc., repeat from Ⓧ to Ⓑ.
Final Chorus "Hearts are aching" etc., repeat twice ※ to Ⓐ Fine.

King's Song

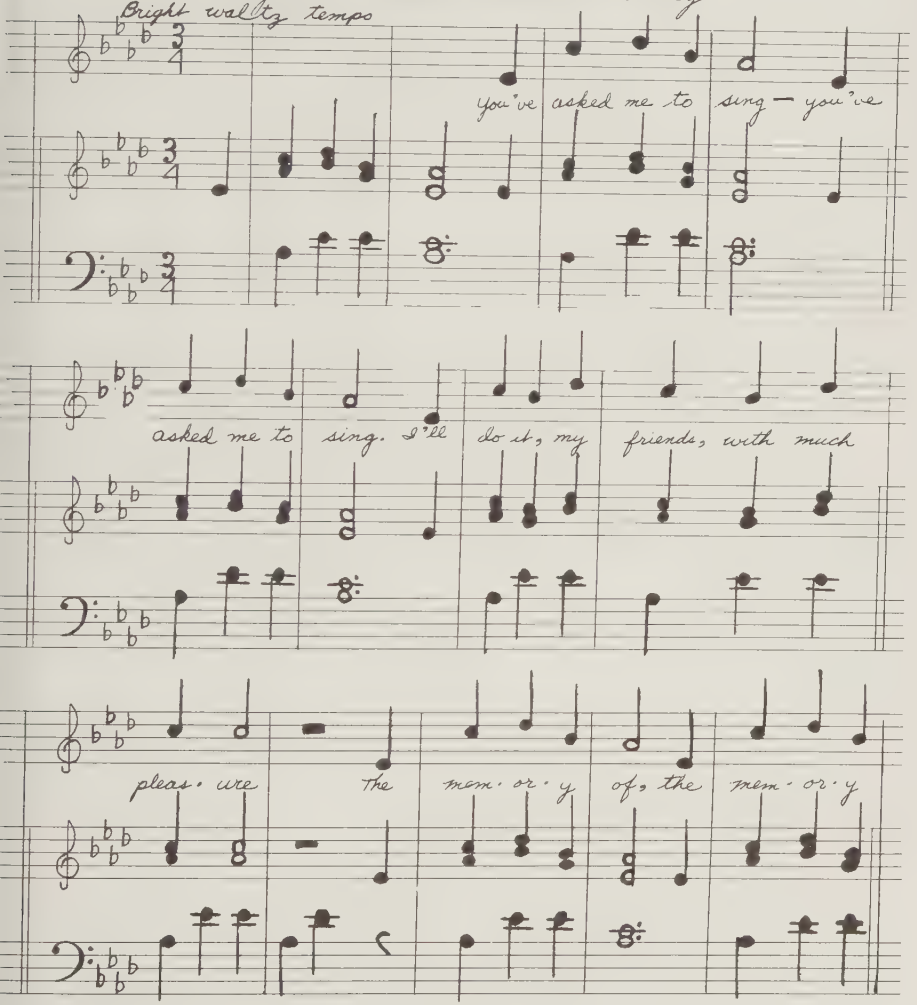

Not too slowly
I'm a sort of king ap· par· ent, Full of
pomp and cir· cum· stance. On oc· ca· sion cer· e· mon· i ous I can
glance a re· gal glance. In my dia· dem and er·

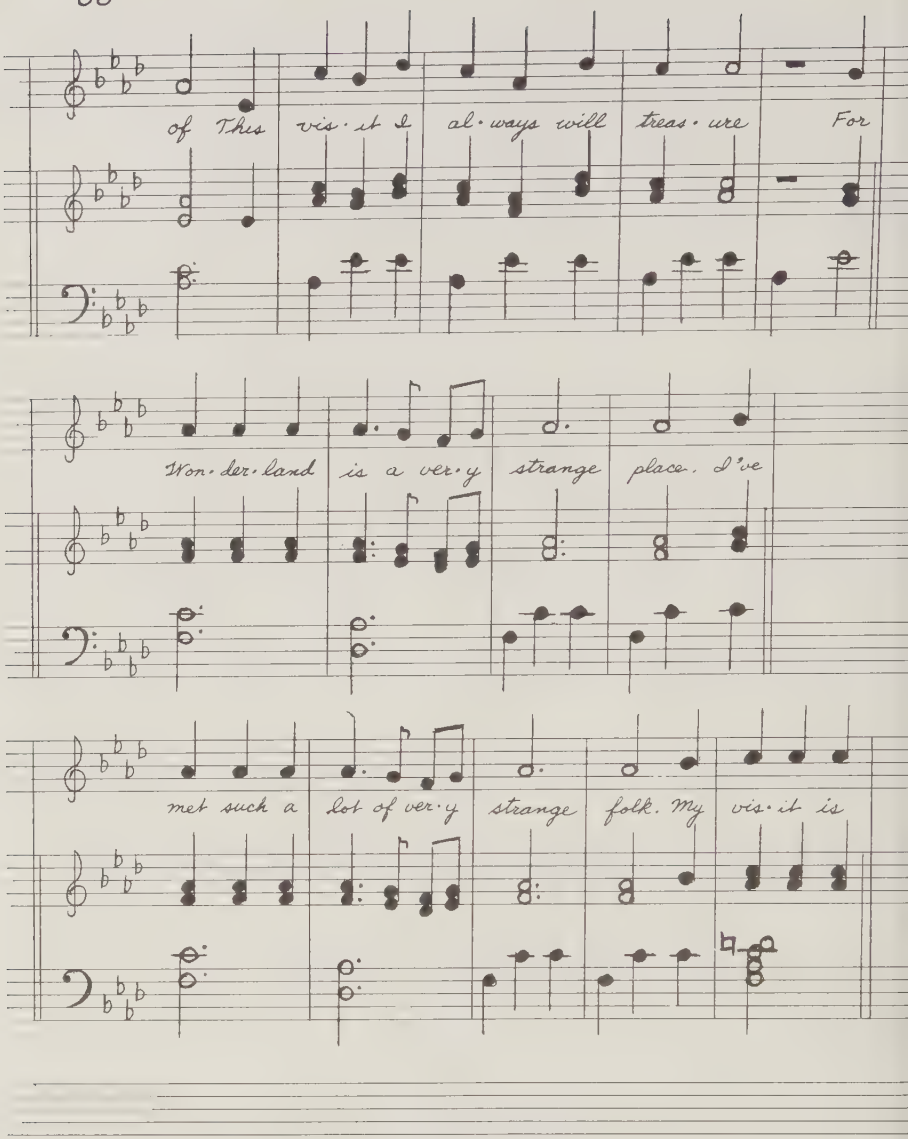

mine, Then by right I am de· vine and my ac· cent it is
fault· less, Though I stem from a for eign line. Oh, they
let me ride my po· nies, they let me
fly my plane, And they let me sail my

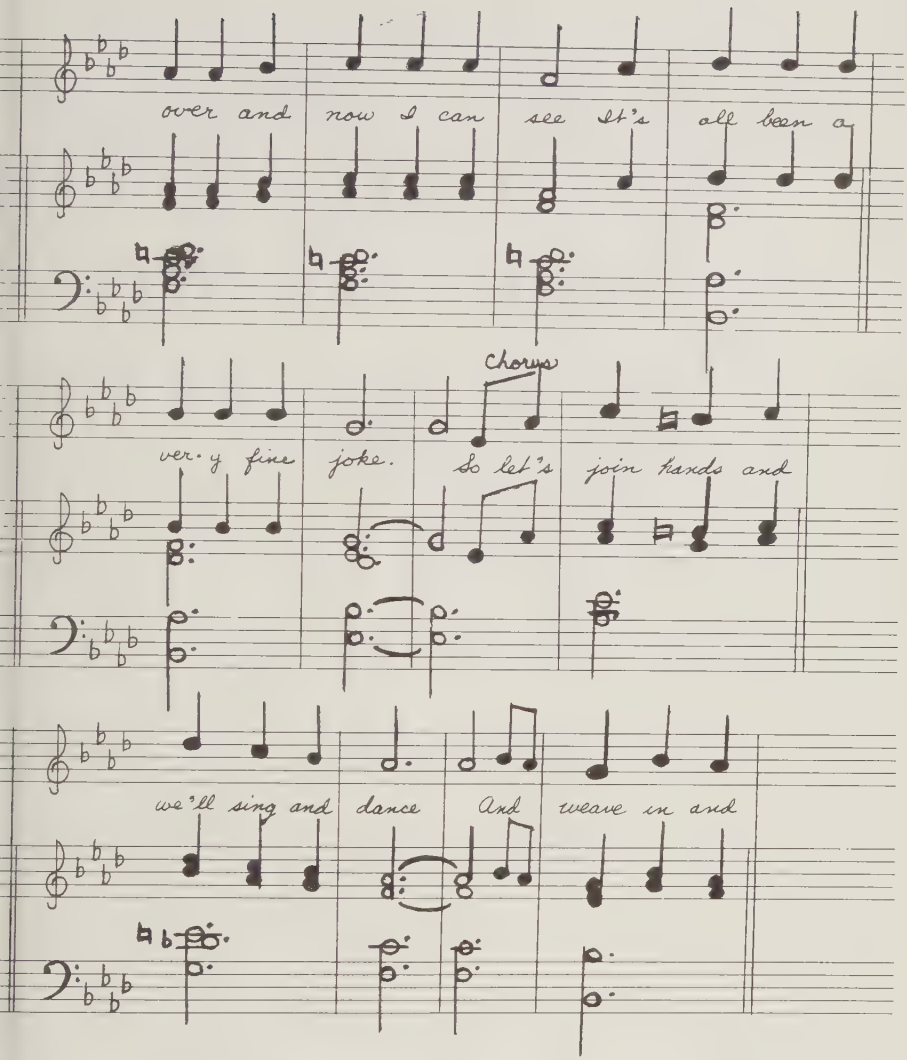

lit· tle yacht, To Cowes and back a· gain.
And they let me give out pre· zes, But
I'm not al· lowed a say. I'm the one who
walks be· hind the Queen, With my hands in a

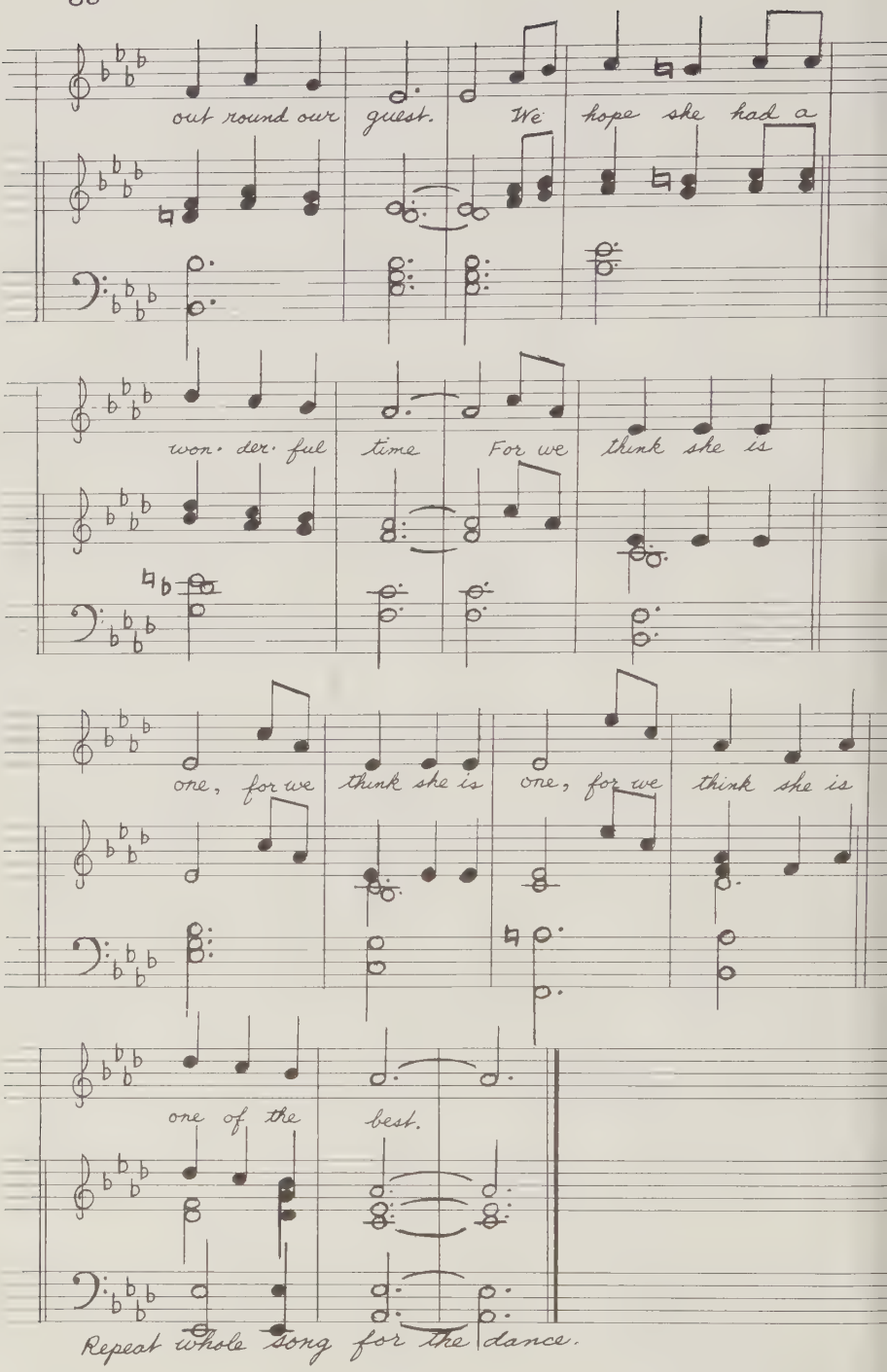


You've Asked Me to Sing



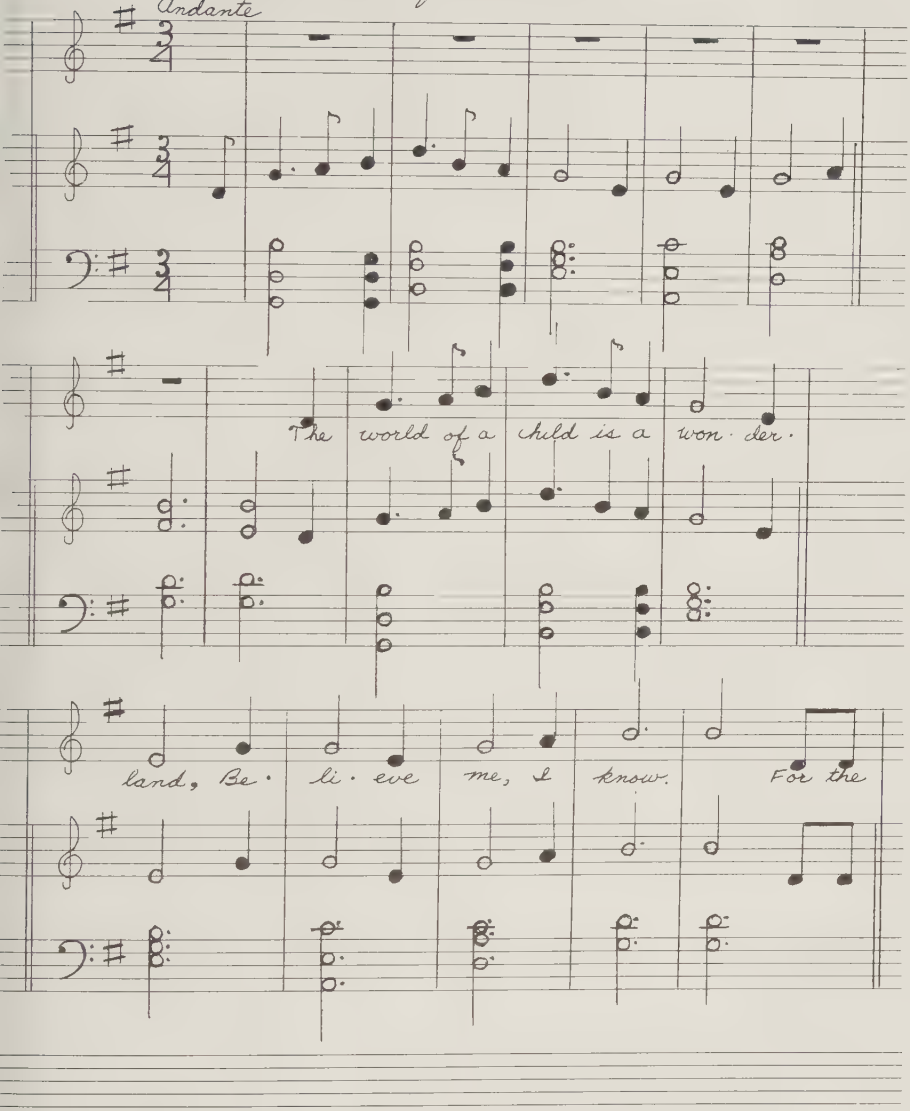

of This vis·it I al·ways will treas·ure For
Won·der·land is a ver·y strange place. I've
met such a lot of ver·y strange folk. My vis·it is

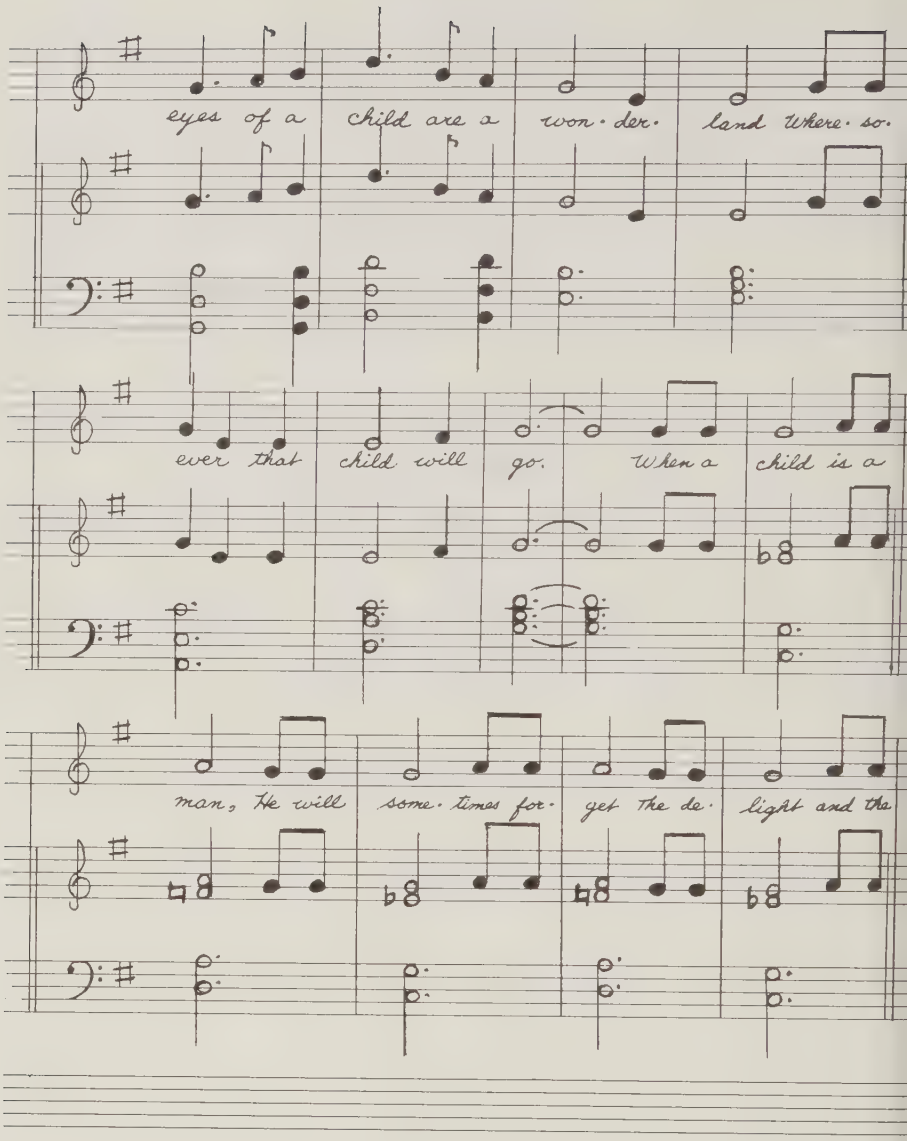

over and now I can see it's all been a
Chorus
very fine joke. So let's join hands and
we'll sing and dance And weave in and

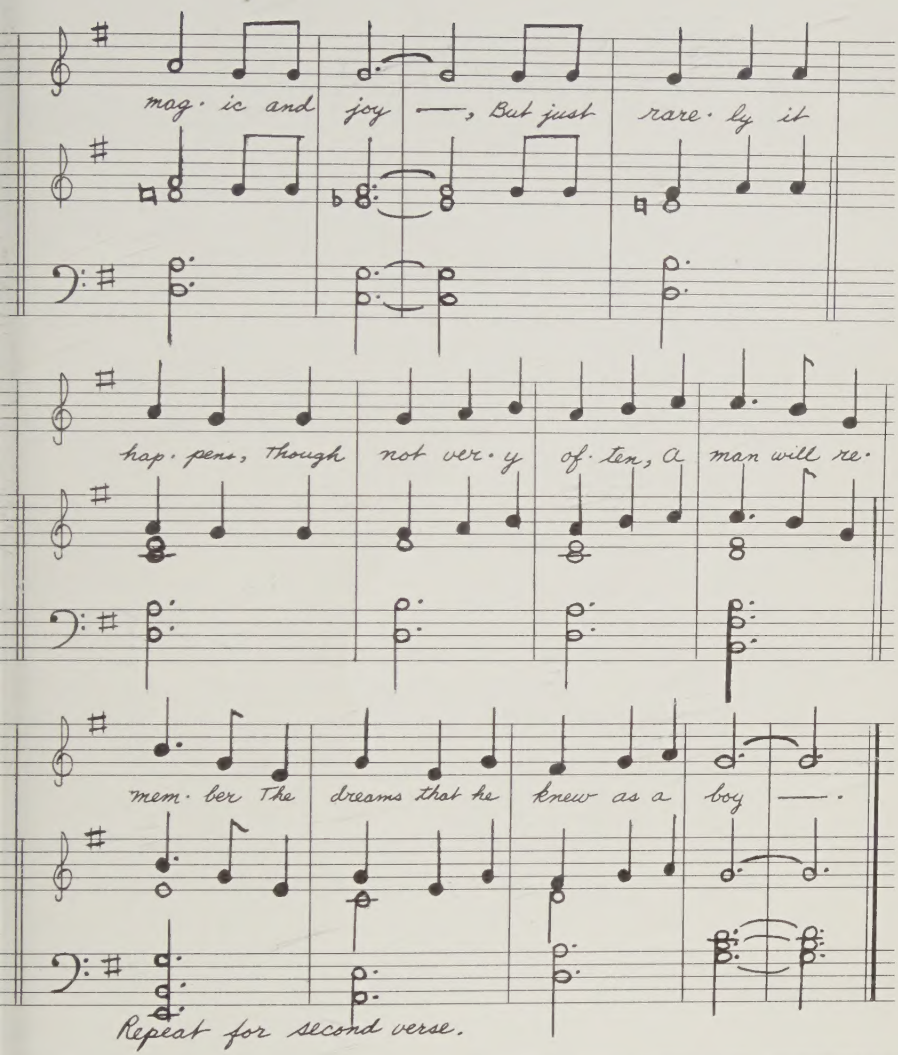


Repeat Whole Song for the dance.

The World of a Child




eyes of a child are a won·der· land where· so·
ever that child will go. When a child is a
man, he will some·times for· get the de· light and the


mag · ic and joy —, But just rare · ly it
hap · pens, though not ver · y of · ten, a man will re ·
mem · ber The dreams that he knew as a boy —.
Repeat for second verse.

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